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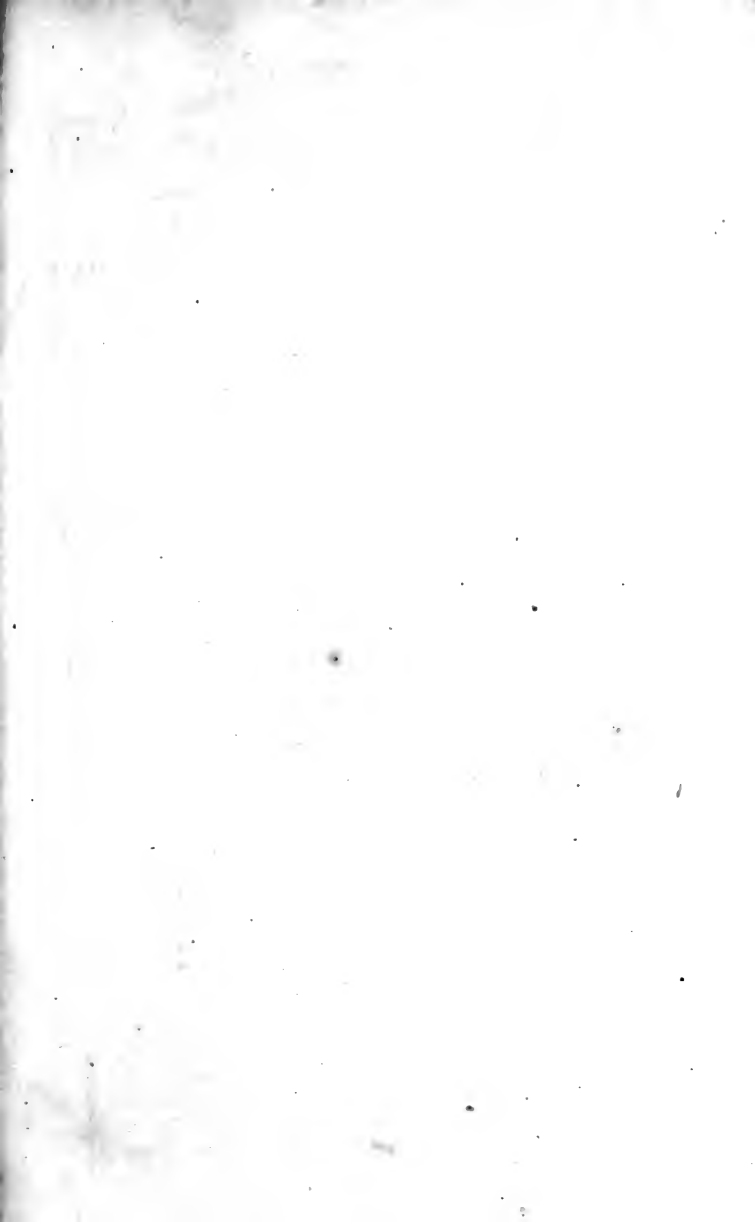
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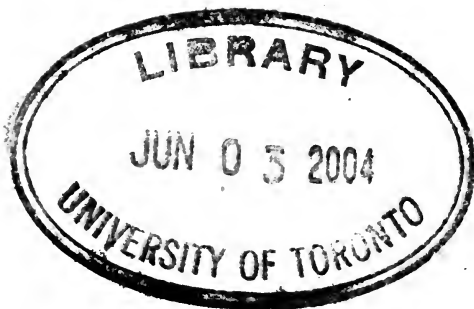
FUGITIVE POETRY

OF THE
NINTH CENTURY.



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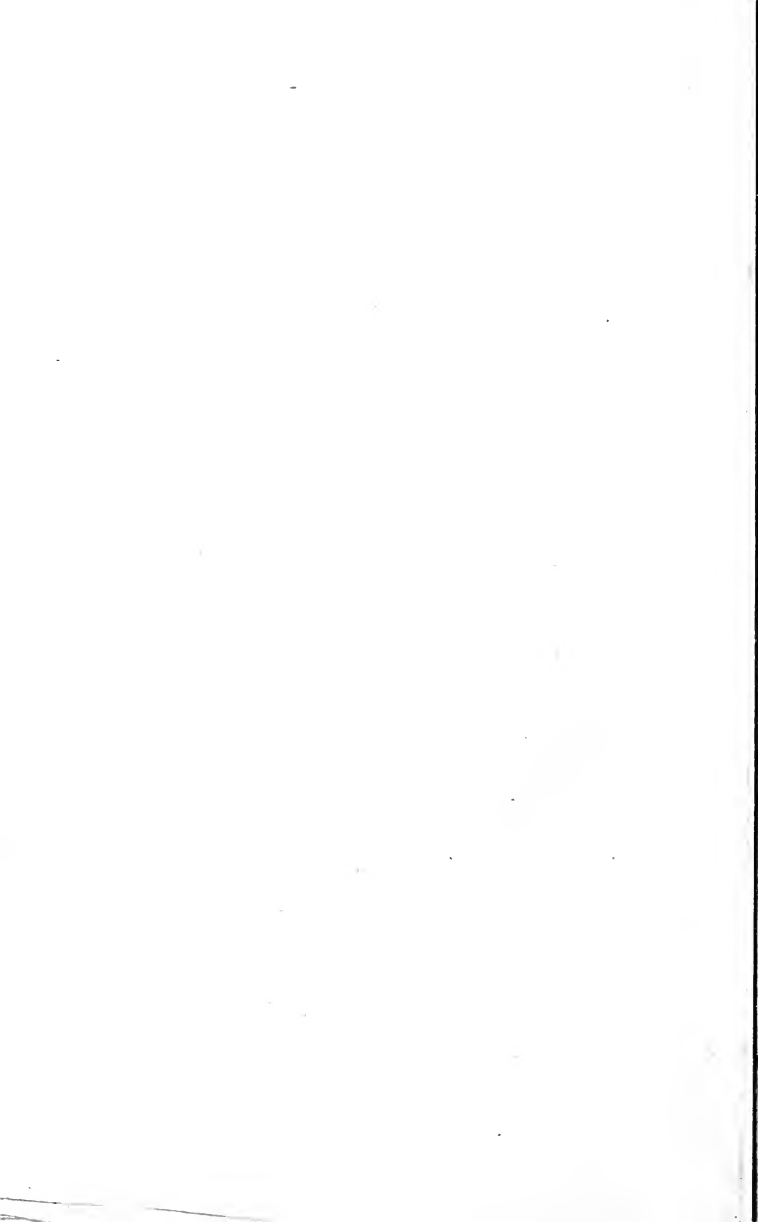


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THIS little volume, containing a choice collection of some of the most beautiful lyrical Poetry which has appeared during the last thirty years, is intended as a companion to the LYRE, and with that work will be found to include a very large proportion of the most popular Fugitive Poetry of the xixth Century.



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THE LAUREL.

EDDERLINE'S DREAM.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

CASTLE-OBAN is lost in the darkness of night,
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
And the latest line of lowering light
That linger'd on the stormy even,
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
And downwards to the fearful din,
Where Ocean with his thunder shocks
Stuns the green foundation rocks,
Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye
Oft hath the eerie watchman sent
A shuddering look, a shivering sigh,
From the edge of the howling battlement !

Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturb'd as some old tomb
That, built within a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And shelter'd by its black pine trees
From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,

LAUREL.

B

Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times to some great funeral !
Noiseless as a central cell
In the bosom of a mountain,
Where the fairy people dwell,
By the cold and sunless fountain !
Breathless as a holy shrine,
When the voice of psalms is shed !
And there upon her stately bed,
While her raven locks recline
O'er an arm more pure than snow,
Motionless beneath her head,—
And through her large fair eyelids shine
Shadowy dreams that come and go,
By too deep bliss disquieted,—
There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo ! the lamp's wan fitful light,
Glide,—gliding round the golden rim !
Restored to life, now glancing bright,
Now just expiring, faint and dim !
Like a spirit loath to die,
Contending with its destiny.
All dark ! a momentary veil
Is o'er the sleeper ! now a pale
Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
And now the calm face of the saint
With every feature reappears,
Celestial in unconscious tears !
Another gleam ! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,
Through the midnight silence smile !
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing moulder'd, one and all,
Ages long ago !

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevell'd masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore?
No, the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
Like a wreck'd corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or 'mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing,
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremember'd thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fix'd before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of ours no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,

Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands !
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Fill'd though it be with care and strife ;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak—
“ Thy Love will yet revive ! ”

Eager to speak—but in terror mute,
With chained breath and snow-soft foot,
The gentle maid whom that lady loves,
Like a gleam of light through the darkness moves,
And leaning o'er her rosy breath,
Listens in tears—for sleep—or death !
Then touches with a kiss her breast,
“ O, Lady, this is ghastly rest !
Awake ! awake, for Jesus' sake ! ”
Far in her soul a thousand sighs
Are madly struggling to get free ;
But that soul is like a frozen sea
That silent lies in ice and snow,
Though the deep waters boom below !

And yet a clear and silvery well,
By moonlight glimmering in its cell ;
A river that doth gently sing
Around the cygnet's folded wing ;
A billow on the summer deep
That flows, yet scarcely seems to flow,
Not calmer than that lady's sleep,
One blessed hour ago !
So, gently as a shepherd lifts
From a wreath of drifted snow,
A lamb that vainly on a rock
Up among the mountain clefts,
Bleats unto the heedless flock
Sunwards feeding far below.—
Even so gently Edith takes
The sighing dreamer to her breast,
Loving kisses soft and meek
Breathing o'er bosom, brow, and cheek,
For their own fair, delightful sakes,
And lays her lovely limbs at rest ;
When, stirring like the wondrous flower
That blossoms at the midnight hour,
And only then—the Lady wakes !
From the heavy load set free,
Of that fearful phantasy,
Edderline lifts up her head,
And, in the fitful lustre lent
By the lone lamp, gazing round,
As listening for some far-off sound,
Leans it on her lily hand,
In beautiful bewilderment !
“ Am I in some foreign land ?
And who art thou that takest thy stand
Like a minister of grace
By the prisoner's haunted bed ?
Walking mute thy nightly round !
Oh ! speak—thy voice was like a sound

Elsewhere beloved ! That pitying face
Reminds me of the dead !”
Again she hears her Edith speak—
Doubt, fear, and trouble leave her cheek,
And suddenly returning
Remembrances all bright and fair,
Above the darkness of despair,
Like morning lights are burning ;
Even as a gloomy mountain lake
From its dark sleep at once doth break,
And while afar the mists are driven,
In new-born beauty laughs to heaven !
So rising slowly from her couch,
Like a nun in humblest guise,
With one light and careless touch,
O'er the snow above her eyes
Her long dishevell'd hair she tricks,
And with low sobs of gratitude
To Him who chased her dreams away,
Down kneels she in the solitude,
And with raised hands and eyes doth pray
Before the holy crucifix !

“ My soul hath been disquieted,
And welter'd with the weltering dead !
Floating all night with a corse
Over high-blood-crested waves,
Or driven by a fiendish force
Down into unfathom'd caves :
Blessed be God who rescued me
From that wild world of misery !
Oh ! it is heaven to wake again,
To know that I have wept in vain !
That life yet warms that noble breast
Which I in mortal pangs carest,
Hurried along the foaming path,
In face of horror, fear, and wrath !

Whether his ship in roaring motion
Roll tempest-driven o'er the ocean,
Or rocking lie in pleasant sleep,
Anchor'd beneath the palmy steep,
Temper, O God! the sun and air
To him, my home-bound Mariner;
And gently breathe the midnight dew
O'er him and all his gallant crew!"

The lamp is dead, but the morning peep
Faintly dawning far away,
Slowly, slowly wins its way
Through the window buried deep
In its gloomy glen of stone—
A little point that shines afar,
Like a dim discover'd star,
When other lights in heaven are none.
To that little cheerful shine
Turn the eyes of Edderline;
And as a cloud that long hath lain
Black amid the sullen sky,
Suddenly dissolves in rain,
And stricken by the sunlight, shines
With a thousand gorgeous lines,
Blended and braided gloriously—
So fair, so pure, so bright appears
That kneeling Lady's face of tears,
For the rain is fallen, the gloom is gone,
And her soul hath risen with the sun.

Hark! the martlet twittering by
The crevice, where her twittering brood
Beneath some shadowy wall-flower lie,
In the high air of solitude!
She alone, sky-loving bird,
In that lofty clime is heard;

But loftier far from cliff remote,
Up springs the eagle, like a thought,
And poised in heaven's resplendent zone,
Gazes a thousand fathom down,
While his wild and fitful cry
Blends together sea and sky.
And a thousand songs, I trow,
From the waken'd world below,
Are ringing through the morning glow.
Music is there on the shore,
Softening sweet the billowy roar;
For bold and fair in every weather,
The seamews shrill now flock together,
Or wheeling off in lonely play,
Carry their pastimes far away,
To little isles and rocks of rest,
Scatter'd o'er the ocean's breast,
Where these glad creatures build their nest.
Now hymns are heard at every fountain
Where the land-birds trim their wings,
And boldly blooming up the mountain,
Where the dewy heath-flower springs,
Upon the freshening gales of morn
Showers of headlong bees are borne,
Till far and wide with harp and horn
The balmy desert rings!

This the pensive Lady knows,
So round her lovely frame she throws
The cloud-like float of her array,
And with a blessing and a prayer
She fixeth in her raven hair
The jewel that her lover gave,
The night before he cross'd the wave.
To kingdoms far away!
Soft steps are winding down the stair,
And now beneath the morning air

Her breast breathes strong and free ;
The sun in his prime glorious hour
Is up and with a purple shower
Hath bathed the billowy sea !

Lo ! morning's dewy hush divine
Hath calm'd the eyes of Edderline !
Shaded by the glooms that fall
From the old gray castle wall,
Or, from the glooms emerging bright,
Cloud-like walking through the light,
She sends the blessing of her smiles
O'er dancing waves and steadfast isles,
And, creature though she be of earth,
Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.
How seraph-like the silent greeting,
Streaming from her dark-blue eyes,
At their earliest matin meeting
Upwards to the dark-blue skies !
Quickly glancing, gliding slowly,
Child of mirth or melancholy,
As her midnight dream again,
Of the hush'd or roaring main,
Comes and goes across her brain.
Now she sees the ship returning,
Every mast with ensigns burning
Star-bright o'er the cloud of sails,
As, queen-like, down the green sea-vales
She stoops, or o'er the mountains green,
Reascending like a queen !
Glad the heart of hoary ocean
In the beauty of her motion !
Now through midnight's deepest noon,
Howling to the wild monsoon,
She sees God's anger flash around her,
And the glorious vessel founder
To one vain signal gun !

While in the lightning's ghastly glow
The shipless ocean rolls below,
As in the midday sun !
Far, far below in rocky cell
Doth a seër-hermit dwell.
In solitude and in despair
He sits, with long, black, rusty hair,
Face dim as death, and his fix'd eye
Red-flashing with futurity.
A holy madman ! with no chain
But those forged in his burning brain—
Shuddering, close beside his feet,
To see the frequent winding-sheet—
Spite of the water's din, to hear
Steps trampling grave-wards with a bier—
Or like a sweep of wintry weather,
Wailing at midnight o'er the heather
Cloud-coronachs that wildly rise
When far away a chieftain dies.

Down—downwards to his savage cave,
By steps the goat doth almost fear
To lead her little kids to browse
On wild herb that there thinly grows
'Mid spray showers from the dashing wave,
So dreadful 'tis the din to hear,
The Lady with a quaking prayer
Descends, as if upon the air,
Like seamew with white rise and fall,
Floating o'er a waterfall !
And now doth trembling Edith wait
Reluctant at the closing gate,
And wipes away her tears ;
For the Lady motions her to stay,
Then with a wan smile sinks away,
And ghostlike disappears !

X
TO A CHILD.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind;—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free,
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

FAIR as two lilies from one stem, which spring
In vernal fragrance sweetly blossoming,
And liker far in form, and size, and hue,
If liker could be, the Twin Sisters grew.
Each limb, each joint, each feature could compare,
Exact in one with what the other's were;
No look, no gesture, difference of mien,
Not e'en a look distinctive could be seen;
And like as were their outward forms design'd,
So were the' internal workings of the mind;
What could to one delight or pain impart,
Raised the same feelings in the other's heart;
Now gay with hope, and now with pity mild,
They wept together, and together smiled.
If Anna spoke, 'twas often she express'd
The thought just forming in Maria's breast;
And if Maria hasten'd to pursue
Some object, 'twas what Anna had in view.—
No wonder—for the same maternal pang
Brought them to being, and they both did hang
On the same breast, and drew the nutrient stream
From the same fount; one cradle nestled them.
Both frolick'd in gay childhood's rapturous years,
Undamp'd as yet by life's maturer cares;
Close in each other's baby arms entwined,
With breast to breast, and cheek on cheek reclined,
And eyes, which beam'd infantine radiance mild,
They seem'd of Heaven, and, cherub-like, they smiled.
Together they did roam the mead or grove,
Chasing the gilded butterfly, or wove
Of heath-flowers wild, a wreath their brows to deck,
Or daisy spotted garland for the neck.
And as maturer seasons o'er them came,
And stronger glow'd within pure reason's flame,

Together they would scan the mind's wide range,
And share of thought the grateful interchange ;
Together Nature's volume wide explore ;
Together Nature's mighty God adore.
The mountain, forest, meadow, lake, and stream,
Gave varied joy. What was the world to them,
Its pomp, its bustle, and its idle toil ?
Society did their enjoyments spoil ;—
They needed not its aid—a world they were
Each to the other—why aught else prefer ?

But oft, alas ! the lily, in the spring,
Even in its prime of vernal blossoming,
Struck at the root by some fell canker's fang,
Fading, its beauteous head begins to hang—
So fared it with Maria ; the pure red,
Soft-blended on her cheek, was seen to fade ;
The tincture of her lips, of rubied hue
Where smiles once sat, now changed to sickly blue ;
No longer full of life, no longer gay,
With rapid strides came premature decay !
Her former haunts could now no longer please,
E'en the soft couch could scarce procure her ease.
There Anna closely sat, and watch'd her eye,
Aught that could soothe, or aid her to supply ;
All day she watch'd, and when the sufferer slept,
Hung o'er her midnight couch, and silent wept.
To cheer her thoughtful bosom Anna tries—
“ The spring again returns, bleak winter flies,
Even now the golden crocuses are seen,
And soon the woodlands will resume their green ;
When you are well, delighted we shall rove
The wood-paths through, and trim the bower we
love.”—

“ Yes, Anna, flowers will bloom, and grove, and
plain,
All dormant nature spring to life again ;

Grass clothe the ground, and blossoms crown the tree,
But grove or plain will bloom in vain to me !
It was my hope, that as one hour began
Our beings, one should measure out life's span,
But Heaven forbids ; to murmur would be vain ;
A few short years shall make us one again."

Prophetic speech ! for now life's fading flame,
Faint and more faint, did animate her frame ;
Around she cast her eyes of deadly hue,
On sorrowing friends, to bid a last adieu.
A parting look she gave—she could no more,
A throb—a long drawn sigh—then all was o'er.

A thrilling pang of horrible despair
Pierced Anna's breast, and marr'd all feeling there ;
Long o'er the lifeless form she silent stood,
With vacant gaze the beauteous ruin view'd ;
Till her faint limbs no more her weight could stay,
And all unconscious she is borne away :
All strive to soothe and comfort her, but she
Refused all comfort—"What is life to me ?"
She cried ; then starting gazed with anxious eye—
"I come ! I come—hark ! 'tis Maria's cry—
Sure they won't place her in the damp cold grave ?
See worms do feed on her—O mercy, save !
But yonder's she—how changed, how wondrous fair !
And those are angel-seraphs with her there.
I thought I ne'er should meet again with you,
Give me your hand—now ! now !—adieu, adieu !"
Then from her troubled frame forthwith the spirit flew.

THE SEA.

WRITTEN ON VISITING IT AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

The sun breaks through the snow-white haze
 That melts before his glowing light,
 On ocean, gilding with his blaze
 A path insufferably bright.
 Let those that may, the green land prize,
 The meads and woods of thousand dyes ;
 Far nobler is the sight I see—
 The sea, the sea for me !

How glorious on its flashing breast,
 Unsullied in their dye,
 The heavens on the bright waters rest
 Their star-spread canopy !—
 How Love is emblem'd in the scene,
 As at the birth of his own queen :
 Grand in its vast tranquillity—
 The sea, the sea for me !

But when in anger tempest-driven,
 The impending billows nod,
 And tell in accents thunder-given
 The majesty of God,—
 Tearing the solid cliffs apart,
 And knocking at the boldest heart :
 Who feels not his humility ?
 The sea, the sea, for me !

Those reinless waters haughtily
 Bear their white crests along ;
 Fierce in the power of liberty,
 In their own freedom strong ;—
 Scornful they jeer at human pride,
 Strewing its wrecks upon their tide :

The shore is man's, the waves are free—
The sea, the sea for me!

I was a child when first I laid
My bosom on its foam,
And all my youthful years I made
Its shores and rocks my home;
I dash'd among its breakers white,
And breathed their freshness with delight,
They often sooth'd my misery—
The sea, the sea for me!

Absence of years doth but increase
My fondness for the deep,
And I could wish in its embrace,
When life is o'er, to sleep—
Uncoffin'd, and without a dirge,
Flung in the unfathomable surge,
Buried in its immensity:—
The sea, the sea for me!

And now I part from thee with pain,
Nature's primeval child,
For haply I may ne'er again
List to thy music wild;
Sit on thy marge and gaze away
Hours on thy hoary sparkling spray,
Dwelling upon strange thoughts of thee.—
The sea, the sea for me!

Farewell! thou wonder of the earth,
Coeval, perhaps, with time,
That swept, ere yon bright orb had birth,
Thy foam o'er every clime
In darkness, ere the all-forming God
Call'd from thy depths the rock and clod:—
Earth's image of eternity!—
The sea, the sea for me!

THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE,

JUNE 1, 1813.

The following little Poem records one of the most gallant actions of the late war between Great Britain and America. Compositions such as these are not meant to encourage a spirit of national rivalry, when the causes of dissension are happily subsided, but to preserve such a remembrance of heroic events as should keep alive that universal patriotism which is the best shield against a future danger, however distant be the period of its recurrence.

SOFT blew the gale, and fair the day
 Rose on the broad Atlantic tide;
 And not a cloud obscured the ray
 That gilded all that ocean wide;
 And haply not an angry spray
 Broke on the ship's majestic side,
 That glided through that tranquil deep,
 Her silent, cautious watch to keep.

And lonely there she wore till noon,
 When, as she near'd the Western land,
 Her captain ask'd of Heaven a boon,
 As calm he look'd on Boston's strand,
 That from her port, advancing soon,
 Yon trim-built frigate's haughty band
 Might tempt the vengeance of the fight,
 Whilst linger'd yet that day's good light.

For 'twas a day of British fame,
 A day which taught the seaman still
 To think of Howe's triumphant name,
 And glow with all a patriot's thrill;
 And not a man that day, for shame,
 Would bend his fearless, haughty will,

To crouch whilst any Western foe
Should dash the British pennon low.

Forth from the port, in gallant trim,
The fearless chieftain gaily sweeps,
And swears no British sail shall swim
So proud in Massachuset's deeps ;
" Come, fill a goblet to the brim ;
We'll crowd her deck with slaughter'd heaps,
And haul her to our gazing shore,
Ere two short hours of chase are o'er."

And now the swelling sails are set,
And stiffly catch the rising gale,
As, gliding o'er that ocean, yet
Aloof the rival vessels sail ;—
And now the gallant foes are met ;
No heart is cold, no cheek is pale,
As loud they shout from either bow,
" What, *Chesapeake* !"—" What, *Shannon* ! ho !"

Four mighty broadsides swept each deck,
As lock'd in fierce embrace they lie ;
They might have fired till either wreck
Had sunk beneath the sulphury sky ;—
For not a man that bow'd the neck
Fell with a recreant's ghastly cry,
But shouted with a dying flame,
The war-cry of his country's name.

But soon the doubtful fight was done,
Before a sailor's corse was cold ;
For, rushing furious from his gun,
Each Briton storm'd the foeman's hold ;
Then was the slaughter's rage begun,
As o'er the slippery decks they roll'd ;—

In vain they fight, in vain they die,—
England's proud red cross waves on high !

And now that sea, once more serene,
Heard not the battle's lengthen'd roar,
For, sailing by that evening sheen,
The captors sought a friendly shore ;—
But still that triumph and that scene
No unmix'd smile of pleasure wore,
For many a seaman found his grave
In that becalm'd Atlantic wave.

MORNING.

THERE is a parting in night's murky veil,
A soft pale light is in the eastern sky ;
It steals along the ocean tremblingly,
Like distant music wafted on the gale.
Stars, one by one, grow faint, and disappear,
Like waning tapers, when the feast is o'er ;
While, girt with rolling mists, the mountains hoar,
High o'er the darkling glens their tops uprear.
There is a gentle rustling in the grove,
Though winds be hush'd : it is the stir of wings,
And now the skylark from the nest up springs,
Trilling, in accents clear, her song of love ;
And now heaven's gate in golden splendour burns—
Joy to the earth, the glorious sun returns.

A DREAM.

A vision cross'd me as I slept,
 A vision unallied to pain ;
 And, in my day-dreams, it has kept
 Possession of my heart and brain.
 It is a portion of my soul,
 And, if the soul may never die,
 That vision, now, is past control,
 And shares its immortality.

It took a form that time may change
 In others' eyes, but not in mine,
 For coldness—hate—cannot estrange
 My still unshaken heart from thine.
 I saw thee, then, as I have seen
 The cherish'd one of earlier years :
 Ere pale Suspicion came between
 Our hearts, and poison'd both with fears.

I heard thee speak, and felt the tone
 Of welcome o'er my spirit steal ;
 As if our souls had never known
 What those who part in coldness feel.
 Thy hand, to mine, in fondness clung,
 And when I met its thrilling press,
 I almost deem'd it had a tongue,
 That whisper'd love and happiness.

'Tis said, that dreams may herald truth ;
 But dreams like these are worse than vain ;
 For what can bring back vanish'd youth,
 Or love's unshaded hours again ?
 They do but mock us—giving scope
 To joys, from which we wake and part ;
 And then are lost the hues of hope,
 The rainbow of the clouded heart.

They are the spirits of the past,
That haunt the chambers of the mind ;
Recalling thoughts too sweet to last,
And leaving blank despair behind.
They are like trees from stranger bowers,
Transplanted trees, that take no root ;
Young buds, that never come to flowers ;
Frail blossoms, that ne'er turn to fruit.

They are like wily fiends, who bring
The nectar we might joy to sip,
And yell in triumph as they fling
The goblet from our fervid lip.
They are like ocean's faithless calm,
That with a breath is roused to strife,
Or hollow friendship's proffer'd balm,
Polluting all the springs of life.

I thought we met at silent night,
And roam'd, as we were wont to roam,
And pictured with a fond delight,
The pleasures of our future home :
That home, our hearts may never share,
'Tis lost to both for ever now ;
The tree of hope lies wither'd—bare,
Without a blossom, leaf, or bough.

To words—vain words—no power is given—
The torments of my soul to tell ;
I slept, and had a dream of heaven—
I woke—and felt the pangs of hell.
Yet, I would not forget thee—No !
Though thou hast wither'd hope in me ;—
Nor for a world of joys forego
The one sweet joy of loving thee.

PENCHANTS.

WHEN some mad Poet stops to muse,
 About the moonlight and the dews,
 The fairies and the fauns,
 He's apt to think, he's apt to swear,
 That Cupid lives not any where
 Except in groves and lawns;
 That none have vulnerable livers
 But bards who haunt the banks of rivers;
 That none are fair enough for witches,
 But maids who roam through dells and ditches;
 That dreams are twice as sweet as dances;
 That cities never breed romances;
 That Beauty always keeps a cottage,
 And Innocence grows pure on pottage.

Yes! those dear dreams are all divine;
 And those dear dreams have all been mine.
 I like the dawning of the day,
 I like the smell of new-mown hay,
 I like the babbling of the brooks,
 I like the creaking of the crooks,
 I like the lowing of the heifers,
 I like the whispers of the zephyrs,
 I like the peaches, and the posies,—
 But chiefly when the season closes.
 And often, in the month of fun,—
 When every cockney cleans his gun,
 And poachers tell enormous lies,
 And stocks are pretty sure to rise,
 And scullions wear their reddest face,
 And curates say their shortest grace,
 And e'en the chancellor, they say,
 Goes to a point the nearest way,—
 I wander from my drowsy desk
 To revel in the picturesque;

To hear beneath the hoary trees
The far off murmur of the seas,
Or trace yon river's mazy channels,
With Petrarch—and a brace of spaniels,
Combining foolish rhymes together,
And killing sorrow, and shoe-leather.
Then if I see some village maid
Go dancing down the sunny glade,
Coquetting with her fond adorer,
As nobler dames have done before her,
“Give me,” I cry, “the quiet bliss
Of souls like these, of scenes like this,
Where damsels eat and sleep in peace,
Where gallants never heard of Greece,
Where day is day, and night is night,
Where frocks and morals both are white,
Blue eyes below, blue skies above,
Here are the homes, the hearts for love !”

But this is idle ;—I have been
A sojourner in many a scene,
And pick'd up wisdom in my way,
And cared not what I had to pay,
Smiling and weeping all the while,
As other people weep and smile.
And I have learn'd that Love is not
Confined to any hour or spot ;
He decks the smile, and fires the frown,
Alike in desert and in town.
I think fair faces not more fair
At Peebles, than in Portman Square,
And glances not a ray more bright
In moonbeams than in candlelight :
I think much witchcraft oft reposes
On wreaths of artificial roses,
And ringlets—I have ne'er disdain'd them
Because the barber has profaned them :

I've been half mad with half a million
Whose legs have never cross'd a pillion,
Whose hands have never dress'd a salad,
Whose lips have never sung a ballad ;
I think that many a modern dance
Breeds pretty subjects for romance ;
And many a concert has its springs
For breaking hearts as well as strings :
In short I'm very sure that all
Who seek or sigh for beauty's thrall,
May say their prayers and feed their passion,
Though whist and waltzing keep in fashion,
And make the most enchanting sonnets,
In spite of diamonds and French bonnets.

SONNET.

THIS, which a prison is, may it no prison be
To thy brave spirit ; may that find free egress,
And its least thought be full of liberty,
And its worst dream the sleep of quietness ;
And may that inward sight which most can bless,
Turn ever upon things which shall to thee
Be like bright visions pictured out by memory
To keep thy thoughts from herding with distress ;
In which thou shalt behold fair summer-bowers,
And hear the songs of happy-hearted birds,
And feel as thou wert treading on the sward's
Green wave of down, and scent sweet-sighing flowers,
And on thy glory's sun, that sets not, look,
Thy soul being bright the while as a sun-search'd
brook.

REMONSTRANCE OF TRUE LOVE.

TO L. E. L.

TURN, lady, from the faithless flame
 That mocks me, and usurps my name ;
 Nor feed it with the fragrant sighs
 Whose incense but for me should rise ;
 I must on earth unresting roam,
 If souls like thine are not my home :
 I do not fade the youthful bloom ;
 I send no victims to the tomb ;
 No eyes by me forget to sleep,
 Or learn in bitterness to weep :
 The hearts that love of mine repeat,
 And only at my bidding beat,
 Their fate from him they love receive,
 And only for his sorrows grieve.
 No fears their tranquil thoughts molest,
 No pangs assail, if he be bless'd ;
 And to the hearts I deign to teach,
 The darkest woes can never reach ;
 No maddening grief that spurns control,
 No torrent that o'erwhelms the soul ;
 I only burn on Virtue's shrine,
 And kindle at her light divine :
 Not death himself can take from me
 All power to give felicity,
 Since only those inspire my glow
 We cannot mourn with hopeless woe ;
 Those Faith may see, Life's warfare done,
 On happier shores, with guerdon won.

EPITAPH.

BY GUY PENSEVAL.

HERE in a little cave,
 The prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
 All amid lilies pale,
 That turn
 Their heads into my little vault and mourn—
 Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not all forgot,
 A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
 And o'er me a green willow
 Doth weep,
 Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep,
 The girl in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds
 Come to my cave and sigh: they often bring
 Rose leaves upon their wing
 To strew
 O'er my earth; and leaves of violet blue,
 In sooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh is my mossy bed:
 The frequent pity of the rock falls here,
 A sweet, cold, silent tear;
 I've heard,
 Sometime, a wild and melancholy bird
 Warble at my grave head.

Read this small tablet o'er,
 That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl;
 "Here lies a simple girl,
 Who died
 Like a pale flower nipp'd in its sweet spring tide
 Ere it had bloom'd:"—No more.

A SKETCH.

And what's her history?
A blank, my Lord. TWELFTH NIGHT.

YES—I remember well how beautiful
I used to think her, as she lay in slumber,
In the cool evening hour, upon her couch,
Before the open lattice, which the vines
Half veil'd with drooping wreaths.—How like an angel
She look'd—with those soft gloomy ringlets,
And slight arch'd brow, and cheek of ivory,
Tinged with a blush of rose, bright, delicate
As that which paints the unfolded apple-blossom.

And yet at times what heavy sighs she breathed
In that so beautiful sleep, and from her eyelids
Have wander'd tears, like morning dew on roses.
'Twas sadness she was dying of—deep—deep—
For which, on this earth, grew no healing balm.
And they had brought her from her ruder clime
To that sweet spot, where ever cloudless skies,
Pure gales, and smiling scenes, their influence shed;
But not for her this influence—she was then
“Past hope—past cure.”

They said her heart was broken—but, a child,
I knew not *then* the meaning of that speech—
Yet never word, or murmur of regret
Linger'd upon that gentle lip. The spirit
Was wean'd from this world, and it look'd on high
In humble faith. The grave no terrors had
For one to whom existence had no charms.

Music alone still held its witching o'er her ;
And she would dwell for hours on the rich tones
She knew so well to draw forth from her lute,
As in the stillness of the night she loved
To mingle with them her soft voice, when all
But ceaseless, life-consuming sorrow slept.
And at those hours how often used I wake
From my light sleep, and to the casement steal ;
Then, as the moonbeam glitter'd on the Rhone,
The music of that voice and lute arose
In sighs of fragrance, and across the wave
Rung in strange sounds of harmony, as though
Some Spirit of Heaven his midnight hymn breathed
there,
All on his angel watch as lone he linger'd.
I do remember it well—though long, long past ;
And whether it was young imagination,
Or the enchantment of the scene and time,
Such strains as those I never after heard.

She died—and died unknown to all around :
Though many a look of fondness rested on her.
It was but a short moment fled—her eyes
Had in expressive silence gazed upon
The glorious sun, that from a sky of gold
Went down in majesty—Her earnest glance
Still linger'd on its last light (she then knew
The setting sun would rise for her—no more).
That last light faded—vanish'd—and she closed
Her heavy eyes, and back reclined her head,
As in soft sleep—'twas an eternal sleep,
For she had died—unconscious all—had died.
And there she lay, like some fair sculptured form,
Lovely, and pure, and pale, and motionless.

THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE hills all glow'd with a festive light,
 For the royal city rejoiced by night :
 There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree—
 Banners were lifted and streaming free ;
 Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire—
 Like a shooting meteor was every spire ;
 And the outline of many a dome on high
 Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I pass'd through the streets ; there were throngs on
 throngs—
 Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs ;
 There was music forth from each palace borne—
 A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn ;
 The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
 The hamlets woke to its haughty clang ;
 Rich and victorious was every tone,
 Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain ?
 Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain !
 Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
 Grief in the homes they have left must dwell ;
 Grief o'er the features of childhood spread,
 And bowing the beauty of woman's head :
 Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender moan,
 For the many brave to their slumber gone ?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
 Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare !

I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
The music of victory was all too loud !
Mighty it roll'd on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car ;
Through torches and streams its floods swept by—
How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

Turn then away from life's pageants ! turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn :
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe !
But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true ;
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal :
So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys ; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp :
“ O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

“My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“It is ‘The Death of Abel.’”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And, lo ! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name !

“ Oh God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price :
A dozen times I groan'd ; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice !

“ And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite :—
‘ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight !’

“ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school !

“ Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim !

“ And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

“ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“ One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up,—as soon
As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

“ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep ;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

“ So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

“ Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“ And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !”—
The fearful boy look’d up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss’d,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walk’d between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

YE are gone to your narrow beds,
Ye forms of the martyr'd brave !
The green-grass sod springs o'er your heads,
And the wind blows round your grave :
But the green sod that blooms above
Is water'd by the tears of love ;
And the wild wind that wanders by
Is mingled with Affection's sigh.

Oh ! when ye sunk on your bed of death,
No gentle form hung over you ;
No fond eye caught your parting breath,
Or sunk in anguish from the view.
But o'er you, in that hour of fate,
Bent the dark Gaul's revengeful form ;
And the stern glance of ruthless hate,
Gleam'd dreadful 'mid the hurrying storm.

No mourning dirge did o'er you swell,
Nor windingsheet your limbs enclose,
For you was toll'd no passing bell ;
No tomb was raised where you repose ;
For your bed of death was the battle ground,
'Twas there they heap'd your funeral mound,
And all unhallow'd was your grave,
Save by the ashes of the brave.

Then to the warriors' memory
A monument of love we'll raise ;
And Veneration's heartfelt sigh
Shall waft their fame to distant days.

Daughters of Albion ! swell the strain ;
More loudly raise the funeral song ;
And, wide o'er all the fatal plain,
The record of their deeds prolong.

Ye fix'd, oh ye brave ! when for us ye died,
On every heart an endless claim ;
When ye sunk in the battle's blood-red tide,
Ye bought, by your death, a deathless name,
More great than the warrior's of ages gone,
More great than the heroes of Marathon ;
They, from *one* land, a tyrant hurl'd,
Ye crush'd the tyrant of the world..

The hour that stopp'd your course for ever,
Stopp'd many a gay heart's joyous swell ;
Sweet hopes were nipp'd, to blossom never,
When, smote, in glory's lap you fell.
The patriot, to the hero's claim,
Bows his proud soul, with grief oppress'd ;
But there are those, with whom their name
Is still more loved, more fondly bless'd :

For wheresoe'er we turn our eyes,
This wide-extended plain around,
The Father, Brother, Husband lies
Beneath the undulating mound.
How many an eye, ye truly brave !
Has thank'd you for the lives you gave.
Ye fondly loved ! how many a tear
Has witness'd to your virtues here :

Call not the warrior's grave unblest'd ;
Though, 'mid this silent solitude,
The gray stone rise not o'er his breast,
Nor holy pile may here be view'd ;

There is a charm more sweet—more pure
Than human art has ever thrown ;
Yes, there are records, more secure
Than marble bust, or sculptured stone ;

The gentle sigh of sorrowing love,
The hapless mourner's silent tear,
Shall here that better guerdon prove ;
That holier calm shall whisper here.
When Egypt's tombs shall all be rent,
And earth's proud temples swept away,
Your *deeds*, a deathless monument,
Shall guard your glory from decay.

EVENING.

THE Summer Sea now darkly sleeps
Beneath the wild and rocky shore,
And not a breeze its bosom sweeps,
Nor sound, but that of yonder oar,
Now slowly in the calm wave dipping,
Now with a thousand sea-stars dripping.

Who has not seen in such a night,
When aught hath broke the ocean's rest,
The purest gems of liquid light
Burst forth upon its ruffled breast,
And as they rise and spread, appear
Like a new sky just forming there !

It is the hour when Fancy loves
To shadow forth her forms sublime ;
It is the hour when Memory moves
Back through the cloudy paths of time—

Recalling many a joy gone by,
And many a grief that will not die.

It is the hour when lovers walk
Along the sea-beach lone and slow,
To sigh forth sacred names, and talk
Of all their fears and all their woe,
To yon pale star through thin clouds beaming,
And on the waters dimly gleaming.

Yon lonely star—o'er all beside
A mantle of black clouds is spread—
What can its glimmering light betide,
That shines so sweetly o'er my head :
My Guardian Spirit ! can it be
A star of hope—of joy to me ?

Oh, tell me—for thy voice I hear
In that low night-wind's bursting sigh—
Oh, tell me, can the hour be near,
When from my troubled heart shall fly
That bird of grief, whose raven wing
My brightest hopes is shadowing ?

Spirit ! again I hear thee speak ;
Say if my waking dreams are true,
If o'er my soul again shall break
That light of peace which once I knew,
Ere hopeless love assumed its reign,
And turn'd my pleasures all to pain ?

THE LAST SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

MUST it be?—Then farewell,
 Thou whom my woman's heart cherish'd so long :
 Farewell, and be this song
 The last, wherein I say "I love thee well."

Many a weary strain
 (Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
 Utter'd, of Love and Death,
 And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh ! if in after years
 The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
 Bid not the pain depart ;
 But shed over my grave a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
 Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
 Daring to disobey
 The passionate spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again ; and yet,
 Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
 Shall you and I no more
 Together see the sun of summer set ?

For me, my days are gone ;
 No more shall I in vintage times prepare
 Chaplets to bind my hair,
 As I was wont : oh ! 'twas for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
 Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
 Martyr of love to man,
 And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR KING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE are noble heads bow'd down and pale,
 Deep sounds of woe arise,
 And tears flow fast around the couch
 Where a wounded warrior lies ;
 The hue of death is gathering dark
 Upon his lofty brow,
 And the arm of might and valour falls
 Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him mid the battling hosts,
 Like a bright and leading star,
 Where banner, helm, and falchion gleam'd,
 And flew the bolts of war ;
 When, in his plenitude of power,
 He trod the Holy Land,
 I saw the routed Saracens
 Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
 Forsake the festive throng,
 To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
 And give his soul to song ;
 For dearly as he loved renown,
 He loved that spell-wrought strain
 Which bade the brave of perish'd days
 Light conquest's torch again.

Then seem'd the bard to cope with Time,
 And triumph o'er his doom—
 Another world in freshness burst
 Oblivion's mighty tomb !

Again the hardy Britons rush'd
Like lions to the fight ;
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his vision'd sight !

But battle shout, and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,—
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more !

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and broider'd pall,
A funeral train swept by ;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

POETICAL SKETCH.

THERE is a feeling in the heart,
A feeling which it well might spare,
That will not break it and depart,
But ever dwells and rankles there ;—
Nor music, mirth, nor rosy wine,—
Friendship, nor woman's smiles divine,
Nor sanctity of prayer,—
Nor aught that holy men may say
Can scare that ravening fiend away !

A sickness of the soul, the balm
Of Hope can neither soothe nor slake ;—
A serpent that no spell can charm,
With eye eternally awake ;—
A glance of fire, a tongue of flame,
That Time can neither tire nor tame,
Nor Music's voice disarm ;—
A living sense of lasting woe
That poisons every bliss below !

It was not always thus :—he danced
The earlier hours of life away,
And snatch'd at joy where'er it chanced
To blossom on his lonely way.
Then Hope was young and bright and fair,—
He knew nor woe nor wasting care,
But, innocently gay,
Deem'd, reckless of the debt it owed,
'Twould always flow as then it flowed !

As Childhood ripen'd into Youth
Those feelings fled :—he drank the springs
Of Knowledge and the source of Truth
(What the sage writes the poet sings),
And read in Nature's varying forms,
Her shifting shades of sun and storms,
Unutterable things,—
And wrought unweariedly to cull
All that was wild and wonderful !

But even then, at times, would roll,
Unbidden and profoundly deep,
An awful silence o'er his soul
That hush'd all other sense to sleep.
And then he saw, too near, the springs
And wild realities of things,
And only waked to weep

That man should be cut off from bliss
And exiled to a world like this !

He loved—I will not say *how* true—

The faithless tongue perchance might lie ;—
He did not love as others do,

Nor cringe nor flatter, whine nor sigh !

Look on his inmost heart and trace,

What time may deepen, not efface,

So firmly wrought the die

That did her lovely image bear

And warm and glowing stamp'd it there.

His hopes were crush'd ;—he strove to hide

The past, by mingling with mankind ;

And left the maid he deified

Idols elsewhere to find.

Now from Love's ' sanctuary ' hurl'd

He roves an outcast through the world,

Nor evermore may find—

Rock of the past—his future stay—

The tie that has been wrench'd away !

He stands as stands a ruin'd tower

Which Time in triumph desolates ;

The ivy wreath that scorns his power

A melancholy gloom creates.

What though it shine in light while yet

The summer suns—its fibres fret

The stone it decorates :

So, smiles upon his pallid brow

But wring the ruin'd heart below !

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,
Have "written strange defeature" there.

And time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall.

And error, gilding worst designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and slimes—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot,—
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly begun—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore, her backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed members—sense unknit—
Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look,
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!

“LOS MOROS VIENNE.”

TRANSLATION OF THE CELEBRATED SPANISH ROMANCE.

THERE'S a sound of arrows on the air,
 A sound of the thundering atabal,
 I see through the trees the banners glare,
 This eve they shall hang on the Christian's wall,
 And the haughty hands that those banners bore,
 This eve shall be stiff in their own dark gore.

Then leave me, sweet lady, thy starry eyes
 Are made for love, and love alone,
 Those glowing lips are for passion's sighs,
 That form, for the silk and the gold of a throne;
 Before the dawning sky is red,
 Yon plain shall be heap'd with the dying and dead.

Hark! hark! 'tis the Christian's battle-horn,
 Behold the red-cross standard wave
 Like a fiery stream in the opening morn,
 The shout is “glory or the grave.”
 Unclasp thy hand—no tears—away!
 The Saracen shouts his last to-day.

One kiss, sweet love, go—pray for Spain—
 Light every taper—pray for him,
 Whose soul may on that fatal plain
 But linger for thy parting hymn.
 No—be that idle thought forgiven,
 We'll meet in bliss in earth—or heaven.

SONG.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

'Twas not when early flowers were springing,
When skies were sheen,
And wheat was green,
And birds of love were singing,
That first I loved thee, or that thou
Didst first the tender claim allow.

For when the silent woods had faded
From green to yellow,
When fields were fallow,
And the changed skies o'ershaded,
My love might then have shared decay,
Or pass'd with summer songs away.

'Twas winter: cares and clouds were round me,
Instead of flowers
And sunny hours,
When Love unguarded found me.
'Mid wintry scenes my passion grew,
And wintry cares have proved it true.

Dear are the hours of summer weather,
When all is bright,
And hearts are light,
And Love and Nature joy together.
But stars from night their lustre borrow,
And hearts are closer twined by sorrow.

LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE VENUS OF CANOVA.

DIVINITY in stone ! yet glowing
 Supremely warm and rich and fair ;
 Around a sense of sweetness throwing,
 As if her roses wanton'd there !
 Upon that brow, so pure and soft,
 Immortal Love hath set his seal,
 And left, in kinder mood than oft,
 A sigh we cannot see—but feel !

Those eyes—those full and fixed eyes,
 They cannot beam, nor glow with fire ;
 Nor herald, as the wishes rise,
 The thoughts the spirit would respire ;
 But passionless themselves, they wake
 In us that feeling's tender strife,
 Of which the sister Graces make
 A busy brilliant span of life !

Then oh ! those lips ! Those eloquent lips !
 So full of love and peace, and all
 That suffer'd such a dark eclipse,
 When erring woman doom'd our fall !
 Yet knowing this, who e'er could look
 Upon that marble, nor prefer,
 That man the fatal apple took,
 And left his heaven to live with her.

B. B. W.

TEN YEARS AGO.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures! Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. Other gifts
 Have follow'd for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. WORDSWORTH.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,
 Life was to us a fairy scene;
 And the keen blasts of worldly woe
 Had sear'd not then its pathway green.
 Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
 Feelings we ne'er can know again;
 Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
 And frames unworn by mortal pain:
 Such was the bright and genial flow
 Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
 That clusters round thy forehead now;
 Nor hath the cankering touch of care
 Left even one furrow on thy brow.
 Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
 In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
 Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
 Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears;
 But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
 That shone through all—ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why—
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
 And youth and health, and visions high,
 Melt like a wreath of snow away;

Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life ;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

But look not thus :—I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seem'd so fair.
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;
Endear'd by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago !

Has fortune frown'd ? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill ;
Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried ;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide ;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago !

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watch'd our first-born blossom die ?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry ?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise ?

What to the thought that soothed that woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago !

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee ;
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears,—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth ;
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

THE waves are all at rest on yon river's shining breast,
And in evening's sweet light sleep the towers of
Thoulouse ;
The bright hair'd god of day ere long will pass away,
And twilight be shedding her shadows and dews.

'Tis now that silent hour when love hath deepest power
To stir the soft heart with its dreams of delight ;—
When even the sickening thrill of hope delay'd still,
And the sunbeams of feeling grow golden and bright.

How can I then but choose at such an hour to muse
With fondest regret on the days that have flown ;
For all seems wildly changed since hand in hand we
ranged
By the green winding banks of the gleaming Ga-
ronne !

What darkly-chequer'd years, what passionate hopes
and fears,
Have solaced and sear'd our young bosoms since
then ;

What clouds of care and blight, what visions of delight,
Have chill'd them and thrill'd them again and again !

Yet believe me, love, in this,—though in moments of
bliss

Every pulse of thy heart found a response in mine ;
When the storm upon us came, I may merit thy blame,
But so sweet was our sadness I could not repine.

Forgive me if I deem'd Fate kinder than she seem'd,
If I smiled at the world and its wildest alarms ;
If I inly bless'd the grief that bade thee seek relief
In the cherishing shelter and pale of my arms.

Was loss of wealth severe, when a fond one was near
To soothe thee and make thee a Cræsus in love ?
Or vexations all must bear, worth a thought or a care
Which a kiss—and thou'st own'd it—a kiss could
remove ?

What are life's petty ills, its hecatics or its chills,
Do they trench on affection, or wither its flowers ?
No : in hearts with feeling warm, love's the bow of
the storm,
Which grows deeper and brighter the faster it
showers.

Though keen and bitter woes have troubled our repose,
There's a wilder one, dearest, in store for us yet :
Oh, what a thrill intense drinks up each vital sense,
When I turn to the bodings I fain would forget !

Why did we ever part? Sorrow had not a dart
In her quiver I could not have smiled at beside :
Even the fiat of my doom, though it spake of the tomb,
I could calmly have bow'd to with thee by my side.

Some have said that passion's storm will oft thy soul
deform,
But to *me* thou hast ever been gentle and calm :
Some have said hate oft hath wrung bitter accents from
thy tongue,
But to *me* have thy words been as music and balm.

Let them rail, let them rail ! those who credit their tale
Cannot know thee so deeply and dearly as I.
Then our foes we'll forgive, since their efforts to rive
Affection's firm chain, hath drawn closer the tie.

Thus will it ever be, on the world's troubled sea,
When two fond ones are cleaving in concert their
way,
Though clouds sometimes may hide them, and tem-
pests divide,
They'll be nearer than e'er when the rack drives
away !

In life's unclouded spring, as on Pleasure's light wing,
'Mid its bowers of enchantment we carelessly roved ;
With feelings, hopes, and fears, far too deep for our
years,
In that sun-burst of gladness we met and we loved !

Thou wert then at that age when the stormy passions
rage
More fiercely the wilder earth's wise ones reprove ;
Pride and gentleness combined, in thy young heart
were shrined,
The softness and fire of the eagle and dove !

CHANGE.

BY MISS LONDON.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
 For the departing colour of thy flowers—
 The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
 Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
 Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;—
 But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
 To haunt the ruin'd heart, which still recurs
 To former beauty; and the desolate
 Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
 It was not always desolate.

WHEN those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear
 now,
 When care shall have shadow'd that beautiful brow;—
 When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
 And thy heart turns back pining to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
 Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass;
 Oh! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
 How rose-touch'd the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
 But blossoms that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
 And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
 With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
 Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
 So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour,
 But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
 And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
 Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
 How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead !

Oh ! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
 Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now ;
 When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their
 mark ;
 Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more
 dark :

When thy feelings lie fetter'd like waters in frost,
 Or, scatter'd too freely, are wasted and lost :
 For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has pass'd by -
 Ah ! what saith the proverb ? Its memory's a sigh.

THE WISHING-GATE.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the highway leading to Ambleside, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue.

HOPE rules a land for ever green.
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
 Are confident and gay ;
 Clouds at her bidding disappear :
 Points she to aught ?—the bliss draws near,
 And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of wishes—there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And Thoughts with Things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
How poor were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate.

Inquire not if the fairy race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love;
Peace to embosom and content,
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past,

Some penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or speed
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favour'd scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The sage, who feels how blind, how weak
Is man, though loath such help to seek,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And yearn for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws ;

Or when the church clock's knell profound
To Time's first step across the bound
Of midnight, makes reply ;
Time pressing on, with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread Eternity !

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

LIKE flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist : or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.

A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world toss'd
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost ;
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love ;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man !
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves ;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades ;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast ;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear, yet stole away the pang,
Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—PHILOSOPHY.
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than POESY ;
And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird, and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

SURREY IN CAPTIVITY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'Twas a May morning, and the joyous sun
 Rose o'er the city with a proud array,
 As though he knew the month of flowers begun,
 And came bright vested for a holiday :
 On the wide river barge and vessel lay,
 Each with its pennon floating on the gale ;
 And garlands hung in honour of the May,
 Wreathed round the mast, or o'er the furled sail,
 Or scatter'd on the deck, as fancy might prevail.

And quick, on every side, were busy feet,
 Eagerly thronging, passing to and fro ;
 Bands of young dancers gathering in the street ;
 And, ever and anon, apart and low,
 Was heard of melody the quiet flow
 As some musician tuned his instrument,
 And practised o'er his part for masque or show ;
 And dames and maidens o'er their casements bent,
 And scatter'd flowers about that a sweet perfume lent.

From every church the pealing bells rang out,
 The gay parades were thronging every square,
 With flaunting banners, revelry, and rout ;
 And, like a tide, the gale did music bear,
 Now loud, then soften'd ;—and in that low air
 Came, on the listener's ear, the regular tread
 Of the gay multitude ; the brave, the fair
 Pass'd on,—the high born and the lowly bred,
 All, for one little day, a round of pleasure led.

Who saw that city on that joyous morn
 Might deem her people held a truce with care ;
 What was there then to speak of those forlorn,
 Who in her pastimes might not have a share ;

Of her best nobles many were not there ;
The heart of valour and the arm of might :
The sun shone on the tower in prison, where,
Wailing his hard hap, lay the worthiest knight,
The proudest and the best, at banquet or in fight.

There lay he, the young Surrey,—that brave heart
That knighthood might not peer. He chid the day
That, with its sunny light, could not impart
To him the freedom of its pleasant ray.
O doom unmerited ! There, as he lay,
Came on his ear the jocund sounds without ;
He thought how once unnoted was the May,
Unless the merry people hailed with shout
The gallant Surrey there, in revel and in rout.

He thought, how he had been the one of all ;
The knight in contest never yet unhorsed,
The courtliest gallant in the proudest hall,
His sword and name by no dishonour cross'd ;—
Alone, and captived now, from joy divorced,
The thought of Geraldine some solace lent ;
How he, in foreign courts, made chivalrous boast,
Holding her beauty all preeminent,
And by his own good arm maintain'd where'er he went.

He thought of her, and of the magic glass
Wherein, by skill of secret science raised,
He saw her pale and faithful, as she was,
His own dear lady worthy to be praised :
He thought of times in memory undefaced,—
The pleasures of the woods,—the royal sport,—
The cry of hounds,—the hart each morning
chased,—
The tennis-ground,—the race,—the tilting court,—
And all the love-known scenes where ladies made
resort.

His looks were such as ladies love to see,
 For, as his spirit was his bearing bold ;
 His speech the "mirror of all courtesy ;"
 Of such as he romance hath often told :
 And in his hand a tablet he did hold,
 Wherein he noted down, from time to time,
 The heavy thoughts that o'er his spirit roll'd ;
 Grief seem'd to prey on him, and blight his prime,—
 His name without a blot, his heart without a crime.

From the dim window of his cell his eye
 Gazed on the revel scene that lay below,
 Then glanced upon the beautiful blue sky ;
 The gale blew fresh,—'twas free,—he was not so :
 He wept awhile the captive's bitter woe,—
 He sang the captive's bitter fate. Ere long,
 Through street and square, moved a procession slow,
 A coffin'd noble, and a mourning throng,
 With murmuring lament for gallant Surrey's wrong !

NIGHT.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Now to thy silent presence, night !
 Is this my first song offer'd : Oh ! to thee
 That lookest with thy thousand eyes of light—
 To thee, and thy starry nobility
 That float with a delicious murmuring,
 (Though unheard here) about thy forehead blue ;
 And as they ride along in order due,
 Circling the round globe in their wandering,
 To thee their ancient queen and mother sing.

Mother of beauty ! veiled queen !
Fear'd and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing ?
In thy smiling presence, I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon),
Fretting that it must change so soon :
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain Time,
Thy old remorseless enemy,
And build my linked verse to thee.—
Not dull and cold and dark art thou :
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee, fair as when the young sun 'wakes,
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers ;
Mightier than the storm that lours,
Fairer than the virgin hours
That smile when the young Aurora scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.
Not Apollo, when he dies,
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy ; or when he
In his meridian beauty, rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
In thy full regality.

THE SLEEPING FIGURE OF MODENA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

UPON a couch of silk and gold
A pale enchanted lady lies,
And o'er her many a frowning fold
Of crimson shades her closed eyes ;
And shadowy creatures round her rise ;
And ghosts of women masqued in woe ;
And many a phantom pleasure flies ;
And lovers slain—ah, long ago !

The lady, pale as now she sleeps,
An age upon that couch hath lain,
Yet in *one* spot a Spirit keeps
His mansion, like a red-rose stain ;
And, when lovers' ghosts complain,
Blushes like a new-born flower,
Or as some bright dream of pain
Dawneth through the darkest hour.

Once—but many a thought hath fled,
Since the time whereof I speak—
Once, the sleeping lady bred
Beauty in her burning cheek,
And the lovely morn did break
Through the azure of her eyes,
And her heart was warm and meek,
And her hope was in the skies.

But the lady loved at last,
And the passion pain'd her soul,
And her hope away was cast,
Far beyond her own control ;

And the clouded thoughts that roll
Through the midnight of the mind,
O'er her eyes of azure stole,
Till they grew deject and blind.

He to whom her heart was given,
When May music was in tune,
Dared forsake that amorous Heaven,
Changed and careless soon!—
O, what is all beneath the moon
When *his* heart will answer not!
What are all the dreams of noon
With our love forgot!

Heedless of the world she went,
Sorrow's daughter, meek and lone,
Till some spirit downwards bent
And struck her to this sleep of stone.
Look!—Did old Pygmalion
Sculpture thus, or more prevail,
When he drew the living tone
From the marble pale?

STANZAS

On the Death of an early Friend.

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD.

I WISH I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour Affliction cries,
“Go and partake her humble bier!”

I wish I could! for when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void—
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while Memory loves to dwell
Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it! and, would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain—
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie;—
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;—

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good;—
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd;—
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued—
Thy gay, good humour!—Can they "fade?"

THE EVENING STAR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And Memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

MOORE.

'Tis sweet to gaze, at early morn,
 On the wavy spears of the golden corn—
 And sweet to mark the new-born day,
 When Night with her clouds hath pass'd away—
 When the far-off hills and the mountains high
 Are glancing clear mid the azure sky—
 And the milkmaid gaily hies along
 With her noiseless step and her murmur'd song—
 And the pearly dewdrops glittering lie,
 Like the bright tears rain'd from young Beauty's eye :
 But to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
 To meet my love 'neath the Evening Star.

'Tis sweet to seek the woods at noon,
 When the air is scorch'd with the breath of June—
 And sweet to rest 'neath the green arcade
 That the clasping boughs of the ash have made ;—
 'Tis sweet to list the minstrel bee,
 As he hums his lays on the wild rose tree—
 And sweet the voice of the whispering streams,
 When the heart roams free in its Eden of dreams,
 As their glittering waves in the sunlight glide
 O'er the golden sands, like a crystal tide :
 But to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
 To meet my love 'neath the Evening Star.

Then come, oh come, thou lovely one !
With the lingering rays of the setting sun—
Come, when the winds float gently by,
Like the dreamy tone of the wild harp's sigh—
And the pale moon sails mid the stars that lie,
Like silver isles in the sea of the sky ;
And I'll lay me down on the stilly ground,
And list for thy light step's echoing sound—
And I'll gaze afar through the dewy air,
For the waving locks of thy shining hair :
Then come, for to me thou'rt lovelier far
When seen by the light of the Evening Star.

Come, oh come to that fairy dell,
Whose shadowy bosom I love so well—
Come, when the heavens above are still,
And there are no sounds on the lofty hill,
Save the shrill cuckoo, or the blackbird's tones,
Or the lonely stock-dove's floating moans,
Or the gliding founts as they whisper afar,
Like the plaining notes of thine own guitar ;
But come, oh come, with thy speaking eyes,
And thy throbbing heart, and thy low-breathed sighs,
And thy radiant cheek, with its crimson light,
Like a young June rose in the moonshine bright—
For to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet thee, my love, 'neath the Evening Star.

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

Mostrommi l'ombra d'una breve notte
 Allora quel che'l lungo corso, e'l lume
 Di mille giorni non m'avea mostrato.

AMINTA, Atto 1. Sc. 1.

DEATH rode—the moon-deserted stars on high,
 Like radiant tears upon the gloomy brow
 Of sorrowful Night, hung dim and tremblingly,
 As if their little lamps not long could glow;
 And when the Pale Steed on the earth alighted,
 They faded all as with a smile of woe:
 And air had been a chaos dark and blighted,
 But for the pure rays of one lovely gem,
 Heaven's solitary child, which seem'd excited
 By some superior fire, nor died with them—
 Surviving all its sisters, and was left
 Sole grace of Night's dishonour'd diadem.
 At every bound that giant courser cleft
 The reeling earth with adamantine hoof;—
 And, as of all her solid heart bereft,
 The earth's dark surface seem'd a boundless roof,
 Crowning vacuity—for every tread
 Of that gigantic steed did ring aloof—
 With overpowering echo, deep and dread—
 That valour's fearless self had learn'd to fear,
 And at the terrors of that sound had fled.
 His mane, like plumes upon a pall-clad bier,
 Flow'd on the murky air; from either eye,
 Flash'd a red radiance in his stern career.
 The only light that bade the darkness fly,
 Save the mild beams, whose bright and argent
 source,
 Was the unconquer'd star that would not die.

He wore no ruling curb, that pallid Horse,—
Swayed by the guiding throng—what need of reins
Upon a trackless and unbounded course?
And never eagle swept the aerial plains,
Or dolphin dash'd along the yielding wave,
Or tiger leap'd to prey, 'mid hunger's pains—
So swiftly as that steed his pathway clove
Through every barrier o'er the dying land,
To make Death lord of earth—and earth one grave;
Death! the gaunt rider—at whose mute command,
Earth's glories unto chaos were returning:
He grasp'd a sword within his mouldering hand;
And for all infinite destruction yearning,
Before the eyes of his exulting steed—
In the intensity of fury burning,
He waved the weapon, and thence drew the seed
Of fire, which grew on either edge, until
It did the fierceness of its source exceed,
And stream'd a meteor in Death's hand, to kill
The living, and the life of this creation,
And Earth's appalling destiny fulfil.
With that broad flame, in its red coruscation,
He lash'd her bosom—and thence sudden burst
One wild and universal conflagration.
The human silence, by the darkness nursed,
Broke its long trance at that awakening fire;
And shrieks of agony, from lips accursed,
Arose convulsively, and wailings dire—
The darkness of the past was Paradise
To the hot element's destroying ire!
Of wave and forest, that inflamed abyss
Ingulf'd the dwellers, with encircling swoop;
And all forms human that survived till this.
A pale, emaciated, and despairing troop
Sped to the summit of the loftiest rock,
As shipwreck'd seamen, on their vessel's poop,
When all beside hath sunk, tumultuous flock

For yet a breath of life ;—but vainly tried—

For still the fires arose with tenfold shock.

Servant and Lord were there—but Power had died ;

And Beauty moved not, where she once was chief,—
Nor tone commanding left the lips of Pride.

But ever, ever did Despair and Grief
Beat heavy on all hearts, with leaden hands ; -
Till to the fear of death, was death relief.

And many rush'd, in strange, disorder'd bands,
Amid the world of fire—none cried, “Come back !”

With the dear accent that despair withstands :
Till on the peak, which, barren all and black,
Still tower'd aloft, did one pale lover lie,

Left with the loved one he would not forsake.
She seem'd to view him with a spirit's eye,
Full of the immortality of love,—

And woman's faithful heart was last to die !
The earth lay tomb'd in fire—but still above
That solitary star, unscathed, was gleaming,
And with its silver light the red flames clove ;

A token of some future glory seeming,
Amid the present's fiery desolation ;
As when the elements with storms are teeming,
And winter o'er the land holds tyrant station,
Some branch of green proclaims a new-born spring,
Will robe the young earth in its decoration.

Death, on his pallid Horse, rode triumphing—
Fit rider for such steed—through flaming space ;
When, swifter than the lightning's swiftest wing,

From the high star's preeminence of place,
A bright bolt, shot in thunder—and both rider
And steed fell powerless in their giant race !

And when that courser, and his grim bestrider,
Annihilation found—the tranquil star

Seem'd as descending, for its disk grew wider,
And a perennial morning dawn'd afar,
Where beauty, light, and life, and love were rising,
No death could conquer and no sorrow mar :

Aperient dews descended, as baptising
A new creation with their crystal rain ;
And light, the universal space comprising,
The thronging clouds which did therein remain,—
The gloomy pilgrims of the mourning air—
Dissolved in lustre, till the eye in vain
Had look'd to heaven, to view the bright star there ;—
Its orb, expanded to infinity,
Was heaven : sweet sounds, and visions fair,
And beings lovelier than the loveliest sky,
Were born eternal—and the voice of mirth,
And smile of joy, grew eloquent on high.
And spirits, which once wore the clay of earth,
Clothed in the glory of ethereal wings,
Rose to a second and diviner birth—
And quaff'd of life, at life's undying springs.

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EDITH ! ten years are number'd since the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us, by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was bless'd. Thou therefore didst the name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year ;
But fittier was it given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father's friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he claim,
For closely hath he been with me allied
In Friendship's holy bonds, from that first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side ;
Bonds, which defying now all Fortune's power,
Time hath not loosen'd, nor will death divide.

A child more welcome, by indulgent heaven,
Never to parents' tears and prayers was given !
For scarcely eight months at thy happy birth
Had pass'd since of thy sister we were left—
Our first-born and our only babe—bereft.
Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth !
The features of her beauteous infancy
Have faded from me like a passing cloud,
Or like the glories of an evening sky ;
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name
Since she was summon'd to a happier sphere.
But that dear love, so deeply wounded then,
I in my soul, with silent faith sincere,
Devoutly cherish till we meet again !

I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness ;
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears !
Press'd on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.
But memory did not long our bliss alloy ;
For gentle nature who had given relief,
Wean'd with new love the chasten'd heart from grief ;
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer spread :
When chilling wintry winds and snowy showers,
Which had too long usurp'd the vernal hours,
Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
Before the presence of that joyous May ;
And groves and gardens all the livelong day
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs. Over all
One thrush was heard from morn till even-fall :
Thy mother well remembers when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray

At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard ;
And when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferr'd.

How have I doted on thine infant smiles
At morning, when thine eyes unclosed on mine ;
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine ;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—
Something I ween thou know'st ; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning years
The attemper'd soul to tenderness can move.
This thou canst tell ; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love—
Its nature and its depth thou dost not, canst not know.

The years which since thy birth have pass'd away
May well to thy young retrospect appear
A measureless extent ;—like yesterday
To me so soon they fill'd their short career.
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change ; and something, too,
Of this precarious state of things have taught,
Where man abideth never in one stay ;
And of mortality, a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said that with autumnal gray
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy father's head ;
That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the grave : thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there !
The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone ; and bosom friends of riper age,
With whom I gladly talk'd of years to come,
Summon'd before me to their heritage,
Are in a better world beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love so well.

Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer mind ;
When grief shall be thy portion thou wilt find
Safe consolation in such thoughts as these—
A present refuge in affliction's hour.
And if indulgent heaven thy lot should bless
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, my child, beyond all power
Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best delight.
Take therefore now thy father's latest lay,
Perhaps his last—and treasure in thine heart
The feelings that its musing strains convey ;
A song it is of life's declining day,
Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill spent breath ;
A reverent offering to the grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

SAPPHO.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
 Beam'd on it like a wreath of fire;
 For passion gave the living breath,
 That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,
 The veriest wretch of want and care,
 Might shudder at the lot that gave
 Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,
 That, more than fever, scorch'd the frame;
 And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
 That from the heart, like life-blood came.

She loved—she felt the lightning gleam,
 That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
 Life quench'd in one ecstatic dream,
 The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope—the treacherous hope,
 The last deep poison of the bowl,
 That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
 Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
 She cast one weeping glance above,
 And buried in her bed, the tide,
 The whole concentred strife of Love!

INSCRIPTION
ON THE
TOMB OF GEORGE CHARLES CANNING,
IN KENSINGTON CHURCHYARD.

BY THE RIGHT HON. G. CANNING.

THOUGH short thy span, yet Heaven's unsearch'd
decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
In chastening, merciful, gave ample scope
For mild redeeming virtues—Faith, and Hope,
Meek Resignation, pious Charity ;—
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path, removed with partial care,
Strife, Glory, Gain, and Pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on Heaven thine unreverted eye.

O ! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies !
In youth, with more than Learning's wisdom wise,
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure,
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure ;—
Pure from all stain, save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away ;—
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit ! to thy destined rest :
While I—reversed our Nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

RETIREMENT.

A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH GALLERY, BY E. LEAHY.

BY MISS LONDON.

It was a stream in Thessaly, the banks
 Were solitary, for the cypress trees
 Closed o'er the waters; yet at times the wind
 Threw back the branches, and then a sunbeam
 Flung down a golden gift upon the wave,
 And show'd its treasures; for the pebbles shone
 Like pearls and purple gems, fit emblems they
 For the delights that Hope holds up to youth,
 False in their glittering, and when they lose
 The sparkle of the water and the sun,
 They are found valueless. Is it not thus
 With pleasures, when the freshness and the gloss
 That young life threw o'er them has dried away!

One only flower grew in that lonely place,
 The lily, cover'd with its shadowy leaves,
 Even as some eastern beauty with her veil;
 And like the favourite urns of spring, its bells
 Held odours that the zephyrs dared not steal.
 And by the river did a maiden lean,
 With large dark eyes, whose melancholy light
 Seem'd as born of deep thought which had gone
 through
 Full many a stage of human wretchedness,—
 Had known the anxious misery of love,—
 The sickness of the hope which pines and dies
 From many disappointments,—and the waste
 Of feelings in the gay and lighted hall;—

But more, as knowledge grew but from report
Than its own sad experience ; for she loved
The shelter of the quiet mountain valley,
The shadow of the scented myrtle grove,
And, more than all, the solitary bend,
Hidden by cypresses, of her own river.—
They call'd the nymph—RETIREMENT.

THE CITY IN ANCIENT GREECE.

FROM A PICTURE BY W. LINTON.

BY HENRY NEELE.

FROM the blue waters to the deep blue skies,
Earth-based, sky-capp'd, those stately structures rise,
And soar so proudly towards the' empyrean air,
It seems as Beauty's Queen had fix'd them there,
To mark the spot o'er which her doves had driven,
When from the ocean's breast she soar'd to heaven.
The exulting warriors, as their swift keels glide
Proudly triumphant o'er the heaving tide,
Eye with delight their much-loved, long-sought home,
The stately column and the swelling dome ;
The Parian pillar, whose two radiant charms
The soft pine shadows with her dusky arms ;
The reverend fane, of structure so divine
That the god owns less worship than the shrine ;
And the long terraces and swarming shore,
Where myriads wait to bless the brave once more ;
And they the sacred tunic who assume,
Lead the devoted heifer to its doom.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY JOHN KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm south,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou amongst the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last, gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To seize upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :

Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my soul self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades,
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

No chair he hath, the awful pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread :
Large as a dome for learning seems his head,
And, like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways :
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue ;

His nose—it is a coral to the view,
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen;
For much he loves his native mountain-dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon
Withi'in his visage, like an almanack,—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon:
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing, that infant showers will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
“Corduroy Colloquy,”—or “Ki, Kæ, Kod,”—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, though already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

But, surely, the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress,
A melancholy place that is all bottomlesse?

SEATON VALE.

GREEN bloom thy groves—sweet Seaton Vale !

And fair unfault thy flowers !

To bless wi' balm the gentle gale,

That seeks thy simmer bowers.

Where white as snaw the gowans grow,

The thornie briers blossom ;

And pure as light the waters flow,

That babble thro' thy bosom !

The dew descends—sweet Seaton Vale !

As heaven's ain tears to woo thee ;

The zephyr sighs its true-love tale,

Baith morn and e'enin' thro' thee.

The' enamour'd sun, with brightest rays,

Smiles on thy realm o' flowers ;

And Eve her safest shadow lays

Upon thy peacefu' bowers !

For thee and thine—sweet Seaton Vale !

Tear after tear is starting ;

That better far than words o' wail,

Reveals the pang o' parting.

In Nature's every hue and form,

Thou Fairy land, I loved thee ;

In simmer's calm, and winter's storm,

Adoring, have I roved thee !

Then fare thee weel—sweet Seaton Vale !

And fare thee weel for ever !

Our bark for sea now bends the sail,

Ae look—and then we sever.

And ye wha made as dear as fair,

Each scene o' wave and wildwood,

Fareweel!—we part to meet nae mair,

Companions o' my childhood !

THE WILD BOY.

BY C. W. THOMPSON.

HE sat upon the wave-wash'd shore,
 With madness in his eye ;
 The surge's dash—the breaker's roar,
 Pass'd unregarded by ;
 He noted not the billows' roll,
 He heeded not their strife—
 For terror had usurp'd his soul,
 And stopp'd the streams of life.

They spoke him kindly—but he gazed,
 And offer'd no reply—
 They gave him food—he look'd amazed,
 And threw the morsel by.
 He was as one o'er whom a spell
 Of darkness hath been cast ;
 His spirit seem'd to dwell alone
 With dangers that were past.

The city of his home and heart,
 So grand—so gaily bright,
 Now, touch'd by fate's unerring dart,
 Had vanish'd from his sight.
 The earthquake's paralysing shake
 Had rent it from its hold—
 And nothing but a putrid lake
 Its tale of terror told.

His kindred there, a numerous band,
 Had watch'd his youthful bloom—
 In the broad ruin of the land,
 All—all had met their doom !

But the last night, a mother's voice
Breathed over him in prayer—
She perish'd—he was left no choice
But mute and blank despair.

He sat alone, of all the crowd
That lately throng'd around—
The ocean winds were piping loud,
He did not heed their sound;
They ask'd him of that city's fate,
But reason's reign was o'er—
He pointed to her ruin'd state,
Then fled—and spoke no more.

SONG.

BY ISMAEL FITZADAM.

No, never other lip shall press
The blighted one where thine hath been,
Nor ever other bosom bless
The heart whereon thy head did lean.
Oh, never, love! though after this,
Thy smile I must not dare to see—
The very memory of that bliss
Will keep me sacred, all, to thee.

Farewell, farewell! in weal or woe,
Though worlds may interpose to sever,
And "the world's law" I wildly feel,
Thy heart and mine are one for ever:—
Farewell! the big tear fills mine eye,
My very inmost soul is riven—
Such trial past, 'tis light to die;
Matilda, we shall meet in heaven!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY GERALD GRIFFEN.

THE Christmas light * is burning bright,
 In many a village pane ;
 And many a cottage rings to-night
 With many a merry strain.
 Young boys and girls run laughing by,
 Their hearts and eyes elate—
 I can but think on mine and sigh,
 For I am desolate.

There's none to watch in our old cot,
 Beside the holy light,
 No tongue to bless the silent spot
 Against the parting night †.
 I've closed the door—and hither come
 To mourn my lonely fate ;
 I cannot bear my own old home,
 It is so desolate !

I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
 And clasp'd my mother's knee ;
 I saw my mother follow him ;
 —My husband wept with me.
 My husband did not long remain,
 —His child was left me yet ;
 But now my heart's last love is slain,
 And I am desolate !

* The Christmas candle—a light blessed by the priest, and lighted at sunset on Christmas-eve, in Irish houses. It is a kind of impiety to snuff, touch, or use it for any profane purpose after.

† It is the custom, in Irish Catholic families, to sit up till midnight on Christmas-eve, in order to join in devotion at that hour. Few ceremonies of the religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning mass, which, in cities, is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to, and long before daylight.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

AN IRISH TRADITION.

From the foot of Inchidony Island, in the bay of Clonakilty, an elevated tract of sandy ground juts out into the sea, and terminates in a bank of soft verdure, which forms a striking contrast to the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under it. Tradition relates, that the Virgin Mary, having wandered one evening to this sequestered spot, was there discovered praying, by the crew of a vessel which was then coming to anchor in the Bay. Instead of sympathising with her in her piety, the sailors were so inconsiderate as to turn her into ridicule, and even add to their ill-timed jeers some very impertinent remarks upon her beauty. The result may readily be anticipated—a storm arose, and the vessel having struck upon the black rock of Inchidony, went down with all her crew, not one of whom was ever afterwards heard of!

THE evening star rose beauteously above the fading
day,

As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin went to pray;
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's
mellow fall,

But the bank of green where Mary knelt was the
brightest of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appear'd,
And her crew all crowded to the deck, as to the land
she near'd;

To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below, in pride
and glory shone.

The Captain saw "Our Lady" first, as he stood upon
the prow,

And mark'd the whiteness of her robe, the radiance
of her brow;—

Her arms were folded gracefully, upon her stainless
breast,
And her eyes look'd up among the stars, to Him her
soul loved best.

He bade his sailors look on her, and hail'd her with a
cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin straight, they gazed with
laugh and jeer ;—
They madly vow'd a form so fair they ne'er had seen
before,
And cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them
from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom then shook off its moonlight
sheen,
And its wrathful billows fiercely rose to vindicate their
Queen ;
A cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er
the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more the Lady on
the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the lightning leap'd
about,
And rushing with its watery war, the tempest gave a
shout ;
That fated bark from a mountain wave came down
with direful shock,
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray, on Inchi-
dony's rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew, one shriek rose
wild and high,
But the angry surge swept o'er them, and hush'd that
maddening cry ;—

With a hoarse, exulting murmur, the tempest died
away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant
waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
Dunore,
Full many a mangled corse was seen on Inchidony's
shore ;
And even now the fisher points to where those scoffers
sank,
And still proclaims that hillock green, THE VIRGIN
MARY'S BANK.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh when the lips we loved are cold, and fix'd in silent
death,
The tender tale that once they told parts not with
parting breath ;
A word—a tone survives its hour—an angel's passing
strain,
Once heard when dreams from heaven had power, and
never heard again !

From eyes that death hath closed, a gleam thrills softly
o'er the heart !
That joins with life its blessed beam, till life itself
depart !
Then from its last exhaling fires it purely parts above,
And with the mounting soul aspires to light it up to
love !

THE NAMELESS SPRING.

THE mountain breeze profusely flings
 A balmy welcome from its wings,
 Rich in a pure, celestial wealth,
 The elastic happiness of health !
 The rivulet, chafed, or gushing clear,
 Salutes me with a friendly cheer ;
 Inviting, as to Fancy seems,
 A verse to consecrate its streams.
 For God hath to the Muses given,
 A gift no other powers attain ;
 To stamp the eternity of heaven
 On earthly things that grace their strain.
 Even I, the least of all their train,
 In happy mood, and happier hour,
 May, with a fire ne'er lit in vain,
 Convey the bright, immortal dower :
 Fulfilling all this lovely Spring's desire,
 Whose music hath awoke my slumbering lyre.

Scamander's princely waters still
 Descend in song from Ida's hill,
 Clearing the heroic plain,—although
 His urn was shatter'd long ago.
 The array divine of warrior kings
 Drink still from Simois' sacred springs.
 Gleams still Eurotas' gelid tide,
 Emblem of Spartan trick and pride.
 Still ancient Tiber bursts along,
 In yellow whirlpools to the sea,—
 God of a people fierce and strong,
 And free,—in right of Virtue free !
 Is there a lip that touches thee—
 Dear flood ! and owns a tyrant's sway ?
 A living fire that draught should be,
 To melt his craven heart away !

Streams where a poet sings, or patriot bleeds,
Instinct with spirit flow, and generous deeds.

Sweet, nameless Spring ! heroic themes
Suit ill thy modest, shrinking streams.
Thy waves a quiet cave have won,
This tall rock guards thee from the sun.
Thou seest the steer or steed alone,
Refresh them from thy cup of stone.
Hear'st shepherd's reed, or lover's plaint
(Vexing thy shrubs with carvings quaint).
Nor other sights or sounds prevail,
For thou, shy fountain, hast retired,
Far up this rough untrodden vale,
As half ashamed to be admired.
And I, an idler undesired,
Seem to disturb thy quiet cell,
With songs by OTHER TIMES inspired,
And murmurs of the classic shell.
Bear me, meek Fount ! a lone, forgotten thing,
Beneath these rocks, like thee to muse and sing.

Yet, let not pensiveness intrude,
Upon this blameless solitude.
These savage rocks enormous piled,
In their long prospect o'er the wild,
See no wild-wasting, cruel drove
Of disciplined destroyers move.
Fair as from nature's hand they came,
Mountains and vales remain the same.
No deed of wrath, no dire offence
Of human passion, bold and wrong,
Hath scared the meek-eyed genius hence,
Who prompts and loves my simple song.—
Admit me, Genii, that among
These grotts and secret fountains dwell,
Into your philosophic throng,—
Calm spirits, whom I love so well !

And let my soul resign proud reason's state,
And, passive, on each heavenly impulse wait.

To poets humbly thus resign'd,
The great earth shows her inmost mind :
And speaks—in tones more sweet, more mild,
Than woman's music to her child,
Her wondrous being's mysteries,
Baring her deep heart to their eyes.
There play the springs whence ebb and flow,
All human joy, all human woe.
Knowledge divine ! thy cheering ray,
Descending to the simple mind,
Purges all doubt and grief away,
Nor leaves one angry wish behind.
All creatures, then, of every kind,
Partake our sympathy and love,
Seen guided to the goal assign'd
By HIM, dread power !—all powers above !
Spirits of hills and streams !—my teachers be,
If this high wisdom be foredoom'd to me !

LOVE.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

WHEN the tree of life is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nursed,
Its infant life has been,
The wild bee's slightest touch may wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.
A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour,
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
Whose task is to destroy ;
'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead,
Whose light is not of joy !

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his growing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above ;
Cherish no more a cypress tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quench'd only with thy tears.

CONSCIENCE.

A SPIRIT sits with me by day—
 A spirit sits with me by night;
 In the warm sun's refulgent ray—
 In the cold moon's unclouded light.

It whispers where the wild winds sigh—
 It glitters in the dewy glade;
 If to the forest's depths I fly,
 It blackens in the blackest shade.

It lies with me on banks of flowers;
 With me beside the stream it sits;
 And, where the blossoms fall in showers,
 The spirit, like a meteor, flits.

If, where the waves are bounding dark,
 Adventurous, to my boat I flee,
 Beside me, in the shadowy bark,
 It toils upon the tumbling sea.

If, when the night clouds roll away,
 I look upon those worlds afar,
 White as the whitest cloud of day,
 I see it flit from star to star.

I hear it in the breeze that wails
 Around the abbey's mouldering walls;
 I hear it in the softest gale
 That ever sigh'd through marble halls.

Its voice is ever in my ear—
 Its hand is often on my brow,—
 Its shriek, its thrilling shriek, I hear—
 I feel its icy fingers now.

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

FARE thee well! 'Tis meet we part,
 Since other ties and hopes are thine;
 Pride that can nerve the lowliest heart,
 Will surely strengthen mine!
 Yes, I will wipe my tears away,
 Repress each struggling sigh;
 Call back the thoughts thou led'st astray,
 Then lay me down and die!

Fare thee well!—I'll not upbraid
 Thy fickleness or falsehood now:—
 Can the wild taunts of love betray'd
 Repair one broken vow?
 But if reproach may wake regret,
 In one so false or weak,
 Think what I *was* when first we met,
 And read it—on my cheek!

Fare thee well! On yonder tree
 One leaf is fluttering in the blast,
 Wither'd and sere—a type of me—
 For I shall fade as fast!
 Whilst many a refuge still hast thou,
 Thy wandering heart to save
 From the keen pangs that ring mine now;
 I have but one—the grave!

BIRDS' NESTS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

SPRING is abroad ! the cuckoo's note
 Floats o'er the flowery lea ;
 Yet nothing of the mighty sea
 Her welcome tones import :
 Nothing of lands where she has been,
 Of fortunes she has known ;
 The joy of this remember'd scene
 Breathes in her song alone.
 No traveller she, whose vaunting boast
 Tells of each fair but far off coast :
 She talks not here of eastern skies,
 But of home and its pleasant memories.

Spring is abroad ! a thousand more
 Sweet voices are around,
 Which yesterday a farewell sound
 Gave to some foreign shore ;
 I know not where—it matters not ;
 To-day their thoughts are bent,
 To pitch, in some sequester'd spot,
 Their secret summer tent ;
 Hid from the glance of urchins' eyes,
 Peering already for the prize ;
 While daily, hourly intervene
 The clustering leaves, a closer screen.

In bank, in bush, in hollow hole
 High on the rocking tree,
 On the gray cliffs that haughtily
 The ocean waves control ;

Far in the solitary fen,
On heath, and mountain hoar,
Beyond the foot or fear of men,
Or by the cottage door ;
In grassy tuft, in ivy'd tower,
Where'er directs the instinctive power,
Or loves each jocund pair to dwell,
Is built the cone, or feathery cell.

Beautiful things ! than I, no boy
Your traces may discern,
Sparkling beneath the forest fern,
With livelier sense of joy :
I would not bear them from the nest,
To leave fond hearts regretting ;
But, like the soul screen'd in the breast,
Like gems in beauteous setting,
Amidst Spring's leafy, green array
I deem them ; and, from day to day,
Passing, I pause, to turn aside,
With joy, the boughs where they abide.

The mysteries of life's early day
Lay thick as summer dew,
Like it, they glitter'd and they flew,
With ardent youth away :
But not a charm of yours has faded,
Ye are full of marvel still.
Now jewels cold, and now pervaded
With heavenly fire, ye thrill
And kindle into life, and bear
Beauty and music through the air :
The embryos of a shell to-day ;
To-morrow, and—away ! away !

Methinks, even as I gaze, there springs
Life from each tinted cone ;
And wandering thought has onward flown
With speed-careering wings,

To lands, to summer lands afar,
To the mangrove, and the palm;
To the region of each stranger star
Led by a blissful charm :
Like toys in beauty here they lay—
They are gone o'er the sounding ocean's spray ;
They are gone to bowers and skies more fair,
And have left us to our march of care.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun ;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one :
I thought that morning cloud was bless'd,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting :
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

FROM SCHILLER.

BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

WHEN Jove had encircled our planet with light,
 And had roll'd the proud orb on its way,
 And had given the moon to illume it by night,
 And the bright sun to rule it by day ;
 The reign of its surface he found to agree,
 With the wisdom which govern'd its plan ;
 He divided the earth, and apportion'd the sea,
 And he gave the dominion to man.

The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,
 And the husbandman seized on the plain ;
 The fisherman launch'd his canoe on the flood ;
 And the merchant embark'd on the main :
 The mighty partition was finish'd at last,
 When a figure came listlessly on ;
 But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast,
 When he found that the labour was done.

The mien of disorder, the wreath which he wore,
 And the frenzy that flash'd from his eye,
 And the lyre of ivory and gold that he bore,
 Proclaim'd that the Poet was nigh ;
 And he rush'd all in tears at the fatal decree,
 To the foot of the Thunderer's throne,
 And complain'd that no spot of the earth or the sea
 Had been given the bard as his own.

And the Thunderer smiled at his prayer and his mien,
 Though he mourn'd the request was too late ;
 And he ask'd in what regions the poet had been
 When his lot was decided by fate.

“ Oh ! pardon my error,” he humbly replied,
“ Which sprung from a vision too bright ;
My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
Entranced in these regions of light.

“ It hung on thy visage, it bask’d in thy smile,
And it rode on thy glances of fire ;
And forgive, if bewilder’d and dazzled the while,
It forgot every earthly desire.”
“ The earth,” says the Godhead, “ is portion’d away,
And I cannot reverse the decree ;
But the heavens are mine, and the regions of day,
And their portal is open to thee.”

THE PARTING.

THE wind was wild, the sea was dark,
The lightning flash’d above ;—the bark
That anchor’d in the rocky bay,
Bathed its top pennon in the spray ;
Hollow and gloomy as the grave
Roll’d to the shore the mighty wave ;
Then gathering wild, with thundering sweep,
Flash’d its white foam-sheet up the steep :—
The sight was terror—but behind
Shouts of pursuit were on the wind ;
Trumpet, and yell, and clash of shield,
Told where the human hunters wheel’d,
Through the last valley’s forest glen.
Where, Bertha, was thy courage then ?
She cheer’d her warrior, though his side
Still with the gushing blood was dyed ;
Up the rude mountain-path her hand
Sustain’d his harm, and dragg’d his brand ;

Nor shrank, nor sigh'd ; and when his tread
Paused on the promontory's head,
She smiled, although her lip was pale
As the torn silver of his mail.

All there was still—the shouts had pass'd,
Sunk in the rushings of the blast ;
Below, the vapour's dark gray screen,
Shut out from view the long ravine ;
Then swept the circle of the hill,
Like billows round an ocean isle.
The ray the parting sunbeam flung,
In white, cold radiance on them hung ;
They stood upon that lonely brow,
Like spirits loosed from human woe ;
And pausing, ere they spread the plume,
Above that waste of storm and gloom.
To linger there was death, but there
Was that which masters death, Despair—
And even Despair's high master, Love.
Her heart was, like her form, above
The storms, the stormier thoughts that Earth
Makes the dread privilege of birth.
Passion's wild flame was past, but he
Who pined before her burning eye,
The number'd beatings of whose heart
Told, on that summit they must part—
He was life, soul, and world to her :
Beside him, what had she to fear ?
Life had for her nor calm nor storm
While she stood gazing on that form,
And clasp'd his hand, though lost and lone,—
His dying hand, but all her own ;
She knelt beside him, on her knee
She raised his wan cheek silently :
She spoke not, sigh'd not ; to his breast,
Her own, scarce living now, was press'd,

And felt, if where the senses reel,
O'erwrought—o'erflooded—we can feel—
The thoughts, that when they cease to be,
Leave life one vacant misery.—
She kiss'd his chilling lip, and bore
The look, that told her all was o'er.

The echoes of pursuit again
Roll'd on—she gazed upon the main ;
Then seem'd the mountain's haughty steep
Too humble for her desperate leap ;
Then seem'd the broad and bursting wave
Too calm, too shallow, for her grave.
She turn'd her to the dead :—his brow
Once more she gave her kiss of woe ;
She gave his cheek one bitter tear,
The last she had for passion here—
Then to the steep !—away ! away !
To the whirlwind's roar and the dash of the spray.

PULCI.

LINES ON MAY DAY.

FROM A PICTURE BY LESLIE.

BY MISS LANDON.

BEAUTIFUL and radiant MAY,
Is not this thy festal day :
Is not this spring revelry
Held in honour, Queen, of thee ?
'Tis a fair : the booths are gay,
With green boughs and quaint display ;
Glasses, where the Maiden's eye
May her own sweet face espy ;

Ribands for her braided hair,
 Beads to grace her bosom fair ;
 From yon stand the juggler plays
 With the rustic crowd's amaze ;
 There the morris-dancers stand,
 Glad bells ringing in each hand ;
 Here the maypole rears its crest,
 With the rose and hawthorn dress'd ;
 And beside are painted bands
 Of strange beasts from other lands.

In the midst, like the young Queen,
 Flower-crown'd, of the rural green,
 Is a bright-cheek'd girl, her eye
 Blue, like April's morning sky,
 With a blush, like what the rose
 To her moonlight minstrel shows ;
 Laughing at her love the while,—
 Yet such softness in the smile,
 As the sweet coquette would hide
 Woman's love by woman's pride.

Farewell, cities ! who could bear
 All their smoke, and all their care,
 All their pomp, when woo'd away
 By the azure hours of May !
 Give me woodbine-scented bowers,
 Blue wreaths of the violet flowers,
 Clear sky, fresh air, sweet birds, and trees,
 Sights and sounds, and scenes like these !

THE TRAVELLER

AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
 A wanderer proudly stood
 Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
 Of Egypt's awful flood ;
 The cradle of that mighty birth,
 So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
 A low mysterious tone ;
 A music sought, but never found,
 By kings and warriors gone ;
 He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
 That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
 Rush'd through his burning frame ;—
 The depths of that green solitude
 Its torrents could not tame ;
 There stillness lay, with Eve's last smile—
 Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars :—across his soul
 There swept a sudden change,
 E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
 A shadow dark and strange
 Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
 O'er triumph's hour—*and is this all?*

No more than this ! what seem'd it now
First by that spring to stand ?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land !
Whence far o'er waste and ocean track
Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
Their waters glanced away :
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between ;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom !

Where was the glow of power and pride ?
The spirit born to roam ?
His alter'd heart within him died
With yearnings for his home !
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept !—the stars of Afric's heaven
Behold his burning tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The mead of toiling years !
—Oh, happiness ! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee !

TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest !

Jewel, dazzling all the main !

Father of the silver crest !

Wandering on the trackless plain,

Sleeping 'mid the wavy roar,

Sailing 'mid the angry storm,

Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,

Piling to the clouds thy form !

Wandering monument of rain,

Prison'd by the sullen north !

But to melt thy hated chain,

Is it that thou comest forth ?

Wend thee to the sunny south,

To the glassy summer sea,

And the breathings of her mouth

Shall unchain and gladden thee !

Roamer in the hidden path,

'Neath the green and clouded wave !

Trampling, in thy reckless wrath,

On the lost, but cherish'd brave ;

Parting love's death-link'd embrace—

Crushing beauty's skeleton—

Tell us what the hidden race

With our mourned lost have done.

Floating sleep ! who in the sun

Art an icy coronal ;

And, beneath the viewless dun,

Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall ;

Shining Death upon the sea !

Wend thee to the southern main ;

Bend to God thy melting knee,

Mingle with the wave again !

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

“ By all the bright saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

“ There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of Springskies in their noontide array :
Whose every fair feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day :

“ Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace ;
Whose heart, as a bird's, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her
face.

“ There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshroud ;
With a black regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow, like the moon breaking bright from a
cloud.

“ With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay, a look, oft will waken its sighs ;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

“ In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When the soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I crown is a bumper to Fanny !

“ But, when shadows come o’er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief,
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of
Helen !

“ And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
That to weep I’m unwilling, to smile am as loath ;
When the beam may be kick’d by the weight of a
feather ;

I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both !

“ But since I *must* fix or on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind ’twixt a Grace and a
Muse :

Pr’ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to
choose !”

Thus murmur’d a Bard—predetermined to marry,
But so equally charm’d by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doom’d to mis-
carry,

He’d another he straight could prefer in its place !

So, trusting that “ Fortune would favour the brave,”
He ask’d each in her turn, but they both said him nay ;
Lively Fanny declared he was *somewhat* too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a *little* too gay !

TYRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

IN thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre ;
 The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise ;
 All her proud people in their brave attire,
 Thronging her streets for sport or sacrifice.
 I saw the precious stones and spiceries ;
 The singing girl with flower-wreathed instrument ;
 And slaves whose beauty ask'd a monarch's price.
 Forth from all lands all nations to her went,
 And kings to her on embassy were sent.
 I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,
 Her ships that of the sea had government :
 Oh gallant ships ! 'gainst you what might prevail !
 She stood upon her rock, and in her pride
 Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied.

I look'd again—I saw a lonely shore,
 A rock amid the waters, and a waste
 Of trackless sand :—I heard the bleak sea's roar,
 And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.
 There was one scathed tree, by storm defaced,
 Round which the sea-birds wheel'd with screaming cry.
 Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced ;
 Now east, then west, he turn'd with curious eye,
 Like one perplex'd with an uncertainty.
 Awhile he look'd upon the sea, and then
 Upon a book, as if it might supply
 The things he lack'd :—he read, and gazed again ;
 Yet, as if unbelief so on him wrought,
 He might not deem this shore the shore he sought.

Again I saw him come :—'twas eventide ;—

The sun shone on the rock amid the sea ;
The winds were hush'd ; the quiet billows sigh'd

With a low swell ;—the birds wing'd silently

Their evening flight around the scathed tree :
The fisher safely put into the bay,

And push'd his boat ashore ;—then gather'd he
His nets, and hasting up the rocky way,

Spread them to catch the sun's warm evening ray.

I saw that stranger's eye gaze on the scene ;
“ And this was Tyre !” said he ; “ how has decay

Within her palaces a despot been !
Ruin and silence in his courts are met,
And on her city-rock the fisher spreads his net !”

THE HOROLOGE.

BY T. DOUBLEDAY.

ONCE, by the dusk light of an ancient hall,

I saw a Horologe. Its minutes fell

Upon the roused ear, with a drowsy knell,

That he who pass'd attended to the call.

I look'd : and lo ! five Antics over all.

One moved, and four were motionless. The one
Was scythed and bald-head Time ; and he mow'd on,
Sweep after sweep—and each a minute's fall.

—The four were kings. Sceptres they bore and globes
And ermined crowns. Before that old man dim
They stood, but not in joy. At sight of Time,
They had stiffen'd into statues in their robes ;
Fear-petrified. Let no man envy him
Who smiles at that grave Homily sublime !

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
 Shoots through the yellow pane ;
 It makes the faded crimson bright,
 And gilds the fringe again :
 The window's Gothic framework falls
 In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
 How many a cloudless day,
 To rob the velvet of its hue,
 Has come and pass'd away !
 How many a setting sun hath made
 That curious lattice-work of shade !

Crumbled beneath the hillock green,
 The cunning hand must be,
 That carved this fretted door, I ween,
 Acorn, and fleur-de-lis ;
 And now the worm hath done her part
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
 When the first James was king,
 The courtly knight from yonder hall
 His train did hither bring ;
 All seated round in order due,
 With 'broider'd suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions deck'd with fringe,
 All reverently they knelt ;
 Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
 In ancient English spelt,

Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive to the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile,
Of their inscription stone ;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight with all his train behold :

Outstretch'd together are express'd
He and my lady fair ;
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer ;
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he,—
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order, as they died,
Their numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As if they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim ;
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have fill'd the stately pew ;
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polish'd, modern squire,
And his gay train appear ;
Who duly to the Hall retire,
A season every year :
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest,
Another, and another guest ;

The feather'd hearse and sable train,
In all their wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate ;
Brought many a distant country through,
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads :
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall fill the squire's respected pew.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

My boy refused his food, forgot to play,
And sicken'd on the waters, day by day ;
He smiled more seldom on his mother's smile,
He prattled less, in accents void of guile,
Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave
Where I, not he, was doom'd to be a slave ;
Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew ;
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue :
Pale mourn'd the lily where the rose had died,
And timid, trembling, came he to my side.

He was my all on earth. Oh! who can speak
The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so?
Ah! many a sad and sleepless night I pass'd
O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast,
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Droop'd wan dejection, like a fading flower!
At length my boy seem'd better, and I slept—
Oh! soundly!—but, methought, my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma; and, in accents low,
Said, “ Ah! why do I weep, and weep in vain
For one so loved, so lost? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close! even now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to woe—
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again!”
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she cross'd,
And bending kiss'd me with her lip of frost.
I waked; and at my side—oh! still and cold!—
Oh! what a tale that dreadful chillness told!
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild;
Alas! and had I lived to dread my child?
Eager I snatch'd him from his swinging bed,
His limbs were stiff—he moved not—he was dead!
Oh! let me weep!—what mother would not weep,
To see her child committed to the deep?
No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink, nor rose, droop'd on his breast display'd;
Nor half-blown daisy in his little hand:—
Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.
Enamour'd death, with sweetly pensive grace,
Was awful beauty to his silent face.
No more his sad eye look'd me into tears!
Closed was that eye beneath his pale cold brow;
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seem'd half unclosed to speak,
Loiter'd a smile, like moonlight on the snow.

I gazed upon him still—not wild with fears—
Gone were my fears, and present was despair!
But as I gazed, a little lock of hair,
Stirr'd by the breeze, play'd, trembling on his cheek;
Oh, God! my heart!—I thought life still was there.
But to commit him to the watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners, rave—
One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to stay,
Upraised the body; thrice I bade him stay;
For still my wordless woe had much to say,
And still I bent and gazed, and gazing wept.
At last my sisters, with humane constraint,
Held me, and I was calm as dying saint:
While that stern weeper lower'd into the sea
My ill-starr'd boy! deep—buried deep, he slept.
And then I look'd to heaven in agony,
And pray'd to end my pilgrimage of pain,
That I might meet my beauteous boy again!
Oh! had he lived to reach this wretched land,
And then expired, I would have bless'd the strand!
But where my poor boy lies I may not lie;
I cannot come with broken heart to sigh
O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf;
His pillow hath no cover but the surf;
I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
Near his cold bed: he slumbers in the wave!
Oh! I will *love* the sea, because it is his grave!

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

LONG, wild, and bloody was the day,
The morn had shot its purple ray
On Harold's helm of gold;
The noon had seen it red with gore,
At eve it lay on Hastings' shore,
In dust and slaughter roll'd.

Night fell : yet still the trumpet rang,
Still rose the axe and armour's clang,
Still twang'd the British bow ;
Still did their bands unbroken keep
The march by hill and forest deep,
Like lions, stern and slow.

Beneath the torch and cresset's flame,
Heavy and spent, the Norman came
From that scarce conquer'd field ;
And came his haughty chivalry,
With weary limb, and drooping eye,
And shatter'd helm and shield.

The tents were pitch'd, the feast was spread,
Was crown'd the monarch's feverish head ;
And lovely o'er the throng,
As victor-boast and joyous roar
Sank down like waves upon the shore,
Was heard the minstrel's song.

Sweet stole the Jongleur's ancient strain,
" Of ladies' frowns, and lovers' pain,"
Till e'en the monarch smiled ;
And every lord to some sweet name,
His day-star on the path to fame,
The golden beaker fill'd.

The Jongleur paused, he backward flung
The locks that darkly o'er him hung—
Then dash'd his eager hand
Through the rich tumult of the wires,
Till rush'd the sounds, like living fires,
Among the warrior band.

" Woe to the lands !" the minstrel sang,
" That hear the Norman rider's clang.

Their bloody doom is seal'd ;
With eye of flame, and voice of fear,
He comes, the breaker of the spear,
The scorner of the shield !

“ Where lies, proud Greek ! thy crescent vane ?
Its silver light is on the wane—

Where, Venice, is thy barge ?
Illustrious harlot of the deep !
No longer shall thy banner sweep
The Adria's purple marge.

“ Thou mother, queen of nations, Rome,
What arrow tore thy eagle's plume,
Now proudest, last of all ?
Health to the king !—his wreath is won,
The Norman sits on England's throne,
The sovereign of the ball.”

STANZAS.

BY MISS BOWLES.

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower,—a faded flower,—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never look'd a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word *farewell* !
But with an utterance faint and broken ;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

THE CRIMINAL.

BY MISS LANDON.

'Tis silence in that cell, and dim the light
 Gleaming from the sunk lamp ; there is one stands
 Fetter'd and motionless—so very pale,
 That were he laid within his winding-sheet,
 And death were on him, yet his cheek could not
 Wear ghastlier hues ; cold damps are on his brow ;
 With intense passion the red veins are swell'd ;
 The white lip quivers with suppressed sobs,
 And his dark eye is glazed with tears, which still
 He is too stern to shed. His countenance
 Bears wild and fearful traces of the years
 Which have pass'd on in guilt ; pride, headstrong ire,
 Have left their marks behind.—Yet, 'mid this war
 Of evil elements, some glimpses shine
 Of better feelings, which, like clouded stars,
 Soon set in night.—A sullen sound awakes
 The silence of the cell :—and up he starts,
 Roused from his dizzy trance of wretchedness,
 And gasps for breath, as that deep solemn toll
 Sinks on his spirit, like a warning voice
 Sent from Eternity ; again it rolls—
 Thy awful bell, St. Sepulchre, which tells
 The criminal of death ; his life-pulse stops,
 As if in awe, and then beats rapidly :
 Flushes a sudden crimson on his face—
 Passes, and leaves it deadlier than before.

The door was open'd, and the chains were struck
 From off his shackled limbs. They led him forth.
 They led him on ; his step was firm, although
 His face was deadly pale ; and when he reach'd
 The scaffold, he knelt meekly down and pray'd.
 Silence was all around ; his eyes were closed :
 This world one gasp concluded, and to him
 Open'd Eternity.

SPRING BIRDS.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

HARK to the merry gossip of the Spring—
 The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
 With an Italian beauty, and does bring
 As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
 Where'er her wing inhabits! give it chase,
 In other bowers the fairy shouts again;
 Where'er we run it mocks our rapid race—
 Still the same loose note in a golden chain
 Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the
 plain.

Hail to thee, shouting Cuckoo! in my youth
 Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
 The marvel of a Summer! it did sooth
 To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
 Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
 Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
 Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
 Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
 Longtime my hours endear'd, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotony
 The selfsame transport flashes through my frame;
 And when thy voice, sweet Sibyl, all is flown,
 My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
 O may the world these feelings never tame!
 If age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
 It still would call thee by a lover's name,
 And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
 Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to Nature dead!

THE HEAD OF MEMNON.

BY HORACE SMITH.

IN Egypt's centre, when the world was young,
 My statue soar'd aloft,—a man-shaped tower,
 O'er hundred-gated Thebes, by Homer sung,
 And built by Apis' and Osiris' power.

When the sun's infant eye more brightly blazed,
 I mark'd the labours of unwearied Time;
 And saw, by patient centuries up-raised,
 Stupendous temples, obelisks sublime!

Hewn from the rooted rock, some mightier mound,
 Some new colossus more enormous springs,
 So vast, so firm, that, as I gazed around,
 I thought them, like myself, eternal things.

Then did I mark in sacerdotal state,
 Psammis the king, whose alabaster tomb
 (Such the inscrutable decrees of fate)
 Now floats athwart the sea to share my doom.

O Thebes, I cried, thou wonder of the world!
 Still shalt thou soar, its everlasting boast;
 When lo! the Persian standards were unfurl'd,
 And fierce Cambyzes led the invading host.

Where from the East a cloud of dust proceeds,
 A thousand banner'd suns at once appear;
 Nought else was seen;—but sound of neighing steeds,
 And faint barbaric music met mine ear.

Onward they march, and foremost I descried,
 A cuirass'd Grecian band, in phalanx dense,
 Around them throng'd, in oriental pride,
 Commingled tribes—a wild magnificence.

Dogs, cats, and monkeys in their van they show,
Which Egypt's children worship and obey ;
They fear to strike a sacrilegious blow,
And fall—a pious, unresisting prey.

Then, havock leaguings with infuriate zeal,
Palaces, temples, cities are o'erthrown ;
Apis is stabb'd !—Cambyzes thrusts the steel,
And shuddering Egypt heaved a general groan !

The firm Memnonium mock'd their feeble power,
Flames round its granite columns hiss'd in vain,—
The head of Isis frowning o'er each tower,
Look'd down with indestructible disdain.

Mine was a deeper and more quick disgrace :—
Beneath my shade a wondering army flock'd,
With force combined, they wrench'd me from my base,
And earth beneath the dread concussion rock'd.

Nile from his banks receded with affright,
The startled Sphinx long trembled at the sound ;
While from each pyramid's astounded height,
The loosen'd stones slid rattling to the ground.

I watch'd, as in the dust supine I lay,
The fall of Thebes,—as I had mark'd its fame,—
Till crumbling down, as ages roll'd away,
Its site a lonely wilderness became !

The throngs that choked its hundred gates of yore ;
Its fleets, its armies, were no longer seen ;
Its priesthood's pomp,—its Pharaohs were no
more,—
All—all were gone—as if they ne'er had been !

Deep was the silence now, unless some vast
And time-worn fragment thunder'd to its base ;
Whose sullen echoes, o'er the desert cast,
Died in the distant solitude of space.

Or haply, in the palaces of kings,
Some stray jackal sat howling on the throne :
Or, on the temple's holiest altar, springs
Some gaunt hyæna, laughing all alone.

Nature o'erwhelms the relics left by time ;—
By slow degrees entombing all the land ;
She buries every monument sublime,
Beneath a mighty windingsheet of sand.

Vain is each monarch's unremitting pains,
Who in the rock his place of burial delves ;
Behold their proudest palaces and fanes
Are subterraneous sepulchres themselves.

Twenty-three centuries unmoved I lay,
And saw the tide of sand around me rise ;
Quickly it threaten'd to engulf its prey,
And close in everlasting night mine eyes.

Snatch'd in this crisis from my yawning grave,
Belzoni roll'd me to the banks of Nile,
And slowly heaving o'er the western wave,
This massy fragment reach'd the imperial isle.

In London, now with face erect I gaze
On England's pallid sons, whose eyes upcast
View my colossal features with amaze,
And deeply ponder on my glories past.

But who my future destiny shall guess?

Saint Paul's may lie—like Memnon's temple—low;
London, like Thebes, may be a wilderness,
And Thames, like Nile, through silent ruins flow.

Then haply may my travels be renew'd :—

Some Transatlantic hand may break my rest,
And bear me from Augusta's solitude,
To some new seat of empire in the west.

Mortal ! since human grandeur ends in dust,

And proudest piles must crumble to decay ;
Build up the tower of thy final trust

In those bless'd realms—where nought shall pass
away !

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

In yonder grove of myrtle straying,

I saw a damsel and a child—

Joy on his frolic brow was playing,

Her cheeks were pale, her looks were wild ;

Oft as he cull'd the dewy flowers,

His playful gambols she forbid,

And if he roved to distant bowers,

His steps controll'd, his wanderings chid.

Time pass'd away on airy pinion,

When lo ! I met the nymph alone—

The child had fled her harsh dominion,

And, hopeless, she was left to moan.

To learn the damsel's name I strove,

And his, who shunn'd her prying eye—

The truant child I found was—Love,

The weeping mourner—Jealousy.

STONEHENG E.

BY T. S. SALMON.

WRAPT in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
Where cold Oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty, or Ionian grace ;
No pillar'd lines with sculptured foliage crown'd,
No fluted remnants deck the hallow'd ground ;
Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.

Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray,
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
How at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance ;
While on each whispering breeze that murmurs by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.

Rise, from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time !
'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on Tradition's page :
See ! at thy call, from Fable's varied store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour :
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke, and scorns the oppressor's
chain ;
Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell*,
Waves the dark wand, and chants the thrilling spell.

* On this spot it is said that the British nobles were slaughtered by Hengist.

Hark ! 'tis the bardic lyre, whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain ;
Lo ! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
In lowliest homage bend before the shrine.
He comes—the priest—amid the sullen blaze
His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays ;
Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light ;
O'er the black scene of death, each conscious star,
In lurid glory, rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone ! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
From Sarum's loneliness, and Mona's glade ;
Hush'd is each note of Taliesin's* lyre,
Sheath'd the fell blade, and quench'd the fatal fire.
On wings of light Hope's angel-form appears,
Smiles on the past, and points to happier years ;
Points, with uplifted hand, and raptured eye,
To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky ;
And views, at length, the Sun of Judah pour
One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

THE DREAM.

FROM A PICTURE.

THE midnight star above her glows ;—
She sinks in deep yet wild repose :
From her faint hand has dropp'd the scroll
That wakes the conflict of her soul.
Loose on the gale the ringlets flow
Round her white neck and throbbing brow ;
And oft she breathes the struggling sigh,
And tears are stealing from her eye ;

* Taliesin, president of the bards, flourished in the sixth century.

And oft the life-blood's sudden gush
Spreads on her cheek the burning flush,—
Then instant sinking, leaves it pale
As the wan leaf on Autumn's gale.

But pitying, from her cloud above,
Stoops the soft Queen of dreams and love ;
Around in rainbow lustre fling
Her elfins the unwearied wing.
A glimpse of light, a gleam of gold,
First quivering through the moonlight's fold ;
Then on the lovely dreamer's eye
Unrolls the pomp's full majesty :
Along the heaven's serene expanse
Are seen the banner and the lance ;
And warriors urging to the speed,
With spur and voice, the meteor steed ;
And plume, and pearl, and coronet,
On brows of fairy beauty set ;
And helmets crown'd and gemmed tiars
O'er troops, like showers of falling stars.

But soft as Hesper's silver sleep,
And swift as thought, down heaven's smooth steep,
Wreathing the spell the elfin train
Circle the couch of love and pain ;
Hushed earth and air : the lover's lute
In that high hour of charms is mute ;
Silent the thrilling nightingale ;
The dove is silent in its vale ;
The wind scarce whispers in its cave ;
Sleeps on the shore the sparkling wave ;
Like lamps around a midnight shrine,
The stars in solemn glory shine :
Above, beneath, on vale, and hill—
All but one guileless heart is still.

Yet soon that wand's enchanted sweep
Forbids the dreamer's eye to weep :
The charm of peace is wound, and well
May that sweet smile its magic tell.
Call'd by their gentle Queen's command,
Rise forms of beauty, bright and bland ;
Through paths of rose her footstep strays,
Love, Hope, and Joy are in her gaze ;
Till on her couch the morning beam
Dissolves the heart's delicious dream.

SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

THOU art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed fairy thing :
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson'd morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then ;
For there's nothing glad some round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

THE ALMOND TREE.

BY MISS LANDON.

FLEETING and falling
Where is the bloom
Of yon fair almond tree?
It is sunk to its tomb.

Its tomb, wheresoever
The wind may have borne
The leaves and the blossoms,
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating
On yon fountain's breast,—
Some line the moss
Of the nightingale's nest,—

Some are just strewn
O'er the green grass below,
And there they lie stainless,
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday, on the boughs
They hung scented and fair;
To-day, they are scatter'd
The breeze best knows where.

To-morrow, those leaves
Will be scentless and dead,
For the kind to lament
And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus
With each hope of the heart?
With all its best feelings
Thus will they depart.

They'll go forth to the world
On the wings of the air,
Rejoicing and hoping,
But what will be there?

False lights to deceive,
False friends to delude,
Till the heart, in its sorrow,
Left only to brood—

Over feeling crush'd, chill'd,
Sweet hopes ever flown;
Like that tree, when its green leaves
And blossoms are gone.

STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

'Tis done! and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the freshening blast—
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes bless'd,
I should not seek another zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;

And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again ;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate ;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face :
And e'en in crowds I'm still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home :
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place :
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or sooth in woe ;
But friend or lover I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go ! but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me,
There's not a kind congenial heart
Where I can claim the meanest part ;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene—
Of what we are, and what we've been—
Would overwhelm some softer hearts with woe :
But mine, alas ! has stood the blow,

Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;—
And why that love was early cross'd,
Thou knowest the best—I feel the most :
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,
With charms, perchance, as fair to view ;
And I would fain have loved as well—
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould sooth to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu ;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him who wanders o'er the deep,—
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee—I love but one.

TO THE SKYLARK.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

BIRD of the free and fearless wing!
Up! up! and greet the sun's first ray,
Until the spacious welkin ring
With thy enlivening matin lay!
I love to track thy heavenward way
Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy song, as blithe and gay
As heaven above looks pure and bright.

Songster of sky and cloud ! to thee
Has Heaven a joyous lot assign'd ;
And thou, to hear those notes of glee,
Would seem therein thy bliss to find :
Thou art the first to leave behind,
At day's return, this lower earth ;
And soaring, as on wings of wind,
To spring whence light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour !
When dewdrops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
Has lit the busy humming bee ;
Pure as all nature is to thee,
Thou with an instinct half divine,
Wingest thy fearless flight so free
Up toward a still more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn ! from thee might Man,
Creation's Lord, a lesson take :
If thou, whose instinct ill may scan
The glories that around thee break,
Thus bidd'st a sleeping world awake
To joy and praise—Oh ! how much more
Should *mind*, immortal, earth forsake,
And Man look upward to adore !

Bird of the happy, heavenward song !
Could but the poet act thy part,
This soul, upborne on wings as strong
As thought can give, from earth might start :
And he, with far diviner art
Than genius ever can supply,
As thou *the ear*, might glad *the heart*,
And bring down music from the sky !

MONT BLANC.

BY MISS LANDON.

THOU monarch of the upper air,
Thou mighty temple given
For morning's earliest of light,
And evening's last of heaven.
The vapour from the marsh, the smoke
From crowded cities sent,
Are purified before they reach
Thy loftier element.
Thy hues are not of earth but heaven ;
Only the sunset rose
Hath leave to fling a crimson dye
Upon thy stainless snows.

Now out on those adventurers
Who scaled thy breathless height,
And made thy pinnacle, Mont Blanc,
A thing for common sight.
Before that human step had felt
Its sully on thy brow,
The glory of thy forehead made
A shrine to those below :
Men gazed upon thee as a star,
And turn'd to earth again,
With dreams like thine own floating clouds
The vague but not the vain.
No feelings are less vain than those
That bear the mind away,
Till blent with nature's mysteries
It half forgets its clay.

It catches loftier impulses ;
And owns a nobler power ;
The poet and philosopher
Are born of such an hour.

But now where may we seek a place
For any spirit's dream ;
Our steps have been o'er every soil,
Our sails o'er every stream.
Those isles, the beautiful Azores,
The fortunate, the fair !
We look'd for their perpetual spring
To find it was not there.
Bright El Dorado, land of gold,
We have so sought for thee,
There's not a spot in all the globe
Where such a land can be.

How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old,
Alas ! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much, scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves ;
Our only point of ignorance
Is centred in ourselves.
Alas ! for thy past mystery,
For thine untrodden snow,
Nurse of the tempest, hast thou none
To guard thy outraged brow ?

ADONIS SLEEPING.

BY JOHN KEATS.

IN midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
 Of fondest beauty. Sideway his face reposed
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
 By tenderest passion a faint damask mouth
 To slumb'ry pout; just as the coming south
 Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal; and round him grew
 All tendrils green of every form and hue,
 Together intertwined and trammel'd fresh:
 The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
 Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine
 Of velvet leaves, and bugle-blooms divine.

Hard by,

Stood serene Cupids, watching silently,
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber; while another took
 A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise,
 Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

GIPSIES.

BY THE REV. J. BERESFORD.

UNDERNEATH the greenwood tree,
 There we dwell right merrily,
 Lurking in the grassy lane,
 Here this hour—then gone again.
 You may see where we have been,
 By the burn'd spot on the green ;
 By the oak's branch drooping low,
 Wither'd in our faggot's glow ;
 By the grass and hedge-row cropp'd,
 Where our asses have been grazing ;
 By some old torn rag we dropp'd,
 When our crazy tents were raising :
 You may see where we have been ;
 Where we are—that is not seen.
 Where we are, it is no place
 For a lazy foot to trace.
 Over heath and over field,
 He must scramble who would find us ;
 In the copse-wood close conceal'd,
 With a running brook behind us.
 Here we list no village clocks ;
 Livelier sound the farm-yard cocks,
 Crowing, crowing round about,
 As if to point their roostings out ;
 And many a cock shall cease to crow,
 Or ere we from the copse-wood go.

On the stream the trout are leaping ;
 Midway there the pike is sleeping,—

Motionless, self-poised he lies—
Stir but the water—on he flies,
E'en as an arrow through the skies!
We could tie the noose to snare him,
But by day we wisely spare him;—
Nets shall scour the stream at night,
By the cold moon's trusty light;—
Scores of fish will not surprise her,
Writhing with their glittering scales;
She'll look on, none else the wiser,
Give us light, and tell no tales;
And next day the sporting squire
Of his own trout shall be the buyer.
Till the farmer catch us out,
Prowling his rich barns about;—
Till the squire suspect the fish;
Till the keeper find his hares,
Struggling in our nightly snares;
Till the girls have ceased to wish,
Heedless what young lad shall be
Theirs in glad futurity;
Till the boors no longer hold
Awkwardly their rough hands out,
All to have their fortunes told
By the cross lines thereabout;—
Till these warnings, all or some,
Urge us—(not by beat of drum!)
On our careless march to roam,
The copse shall be our leafy home.

THE WATERFALL.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light :
They sink, they rise, and sparkling cover all
With infinite refulgence ; while its song,
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along—

Rolls through the woods—they send its accents back,
Whose last vibration in the desert dies :
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest-shade ; then sweetly flows
A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

Its foam is scattered on the margent bound,
Skirting the darksome grove. But list! the hum
Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoed come
On the fast-travelling breeze ! O no! no voice
Is heard around, but thy majestic noise !

When the mad storm-wind tears the oak asunder,
In thee its shiver'd fragments find their tomb ;
When rocks are riven by the bolt of thunder,
As sands they sink into thy mighty womb :
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,
Like bits of broken glass is scatter'd wide.

The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there he stands
Listening—not fearful, for he nothing fears :
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands,
Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur he rears ;

Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,
And, more ferocious, hastes to bloodier feats.

The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound
And tremblingly flies forward—o'er her back
She bends her stately horns—the noiseless ground
Her hurried feet impress not—and her track
Is lost amidst the tumult of the breeze,
And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

The wild horse thee approaches in his turn ;
He changes not his proudly rapid stride ;
His mane stands up erect—his nostrils burn—
He snorts—he pricks his ears—and starts aside ;
Then rushing madly forward to thy steep,
He dashes down into thy torrents deep.

HOAR-FROST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHAT dream of beauty ever equall'd this !
What bands from Faëryland have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the' abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss !
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored ! All splendours pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure ;
Shapes that amaze ; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be :
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon ;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree ;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon ;
Still as a dream,—and like a dream to flee !

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

COME, here's a health to thee and thine !

Trust me whate'er we may be told,
 Few things are better than old wine,
 When tasted with a friend that's old.
 We're happy yet: and, in our track
 New pleasures if we may not find,
 There is a charm in looking back
 On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
 Through gaudy noontide dark and bare,
 That tinges still, at vesper time,
 With purple gleam the evening air ;
 So there's a joy in former days,
 In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
 As beautiful their heads they raise,
 Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
 With fleeting joy and transient grief ;
 We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
 O'er many a strange fantastic leaf ;
 And fear not—but, 'mid many a blot,
 There are some pages written fair,
 And flowers that time can wither not,
 Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hush'd night glides gentlier on,
 Our music shall break forth its strain,
 And tell of pleasures that are gone,
 And heighten those that yet remain ;
 And that creative breath divine
 Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
 And call forth many a mystic line
 Of faded joys remembered still.

Again, the moments shall she bring,
When Youth was in his freshest prime;
We'll pluck the roses that shall spring
Upon the grave of buried Time.
There's magic in the olden song;—
Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears
Which steal adown, our smiles among,
Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
Even of the often-dreaded wind,
That wreck'd his every hope before;
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
For youth had pangs—oh! let it rise!
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so oft,
In life's first, warm, impassion'd hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
As summer dew on summer flowers!
And as the stream, where'er it hies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstasies
O'er which they floated long ago.

Even in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glanced, sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this:
Howe'er, then, time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast?
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours?
We find a future in the past.

CHANGES.

A CHILD is playing on the green,
 With rosy cheek and radiant mien ;
 But sorrow comes—the smile's departed,
 He weeps, as he were broken-hearted :
 But see, ere yet his tears are dry,
 Again his laugh trills wild and high ;
 As lights and shades each other chase,
 So pain and joy flit o'er his face ;
 And nought shall have the power to keep
 His eyes one moment from their sleep :
 And such was I.

A youth sits with his burning glance
 Turn'd upwards to heaven's blue expanse :
 What is it o'er his pale cheek flushing ?
 What thought has set the life-blood gushing ?
 It is of many a deed sublime
 That he will do in future time—
 Of many a struggle to be past ;
 Repaid by deathless fame at last ;
 He thinks not on the moments gone—
 He lives in fiery hope alone :
 And such was I.

Sunken those eyes, and worn that brow,
 Yet more of care than years they show :
 There's something in that cheek revealing
 The bosom-wound that knows no healing ;
 He lives, and will live on, and smile,
 And thoughts he cannot lose beguile ;
 He'll shun no duty, break no tie—
 But *his* star's fallen from the sky.
 Oh ! pitying Heaven, the wretch forgive
 That bears, but wishes not to live :
 And such am I.

GINEVRA.

BY S. ROGERS.

IF ever you should come to Modena,
 (Where among other relics you may see
 Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family;
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
 Broïdered with flowers and clasp'd from head to foot,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,

LAUREL.

II

An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture ; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra;
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum,
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
“ 'Tis but to make a trial of our love ! ”
And fill'd his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,
But that she was not !

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Donati lived—and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,

Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remain'd awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 “ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
 'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
 It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 “ Ginevra.”

There then had she found a grave !
 Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever !

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY.

WHITE bud ! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
 The cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
 Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
 An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
 The broken spirit that its anguish bears
 To silent shades, and there sits offering
 To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES.

My baby! my poor little one; thou'st come a winter
 flower,—
 A pale and tender blossom, in a cold, unkindly hour;
 Thou comest with the snow-drop—and, like that pretty
 thing,
 The power that call'd my bud to life, will shield its
 blossoming.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves, to fold her
 safe and warm,
 Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and weathers out
 the storm;
 I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long,—but well
 I know
 The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let thee go!

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still!—hangs down
 her fair young head,
 So thine may droop in days to come, when I have
 long been dead;
 And yet the little snow-drop's safe!—from her in-
 struction seek,
 For who would crush the motherless, the lowly, and
 the meek!

Yet motherless thou'lt not be long—not long in name,
 my life!
 Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer
 wife;
 Be loving, dutiful to her;—find favour in her sight;
 But never, oh my child! forget thine own poor mother
 quite.

But who will speak to thee of her?—the gravestone at
her head

Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of the
dead!

But not a word of all the love—the mighty love for thee,
That crowded years into an hour of brief maternity.

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another
there—

That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so
passing fair!

Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee
call thine own—

Oh! take it there—to look upon, when thou art all
alone!—

To breathe thine early griefs unto—if such assail my
child;

To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not so
mild.

Alas! unconscious little one!—thou'lt never know the
best,

That holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's
breast!

I do repent me now too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as I ought;
I've been too hasty, peevish, proud,—I long'd to go
away:

And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not let
me stay.

Thou'lt have thy father's eyes, my child!—oh! once
how kind they were!

His long black lashes—his own smile, and just such
raven hair;—

But here's a mark—poor innocent!—he'll love thee
 for't the less,
 Like that upon thy mother's cheek his lips were wont
 to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps, when
 all's forgot
 But our young loves, in memory's mood,—he'll kiss
 this very spot.
 Oh, then, my dearest! clasp thine arms about his neck
 full fast,
 And whisper, that I bless'd him now, and loved him
 to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by smiles and
 signs,
 With the guardian band of angels, that round about
 them shines,
 Unseen by grosser senses,—beloved one! dost thou
 Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune
 with them now?

Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I might
 have been—
 A bride last year,—and now to die! and I am scarce
 nineteen:—
 And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love, so
 new,
 So deep! could that have run to waste?—could that
 have fail'd me too?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at
 my side!
 My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all its
 pride;

To deck her with my finest things—with all I've rich
and rare !
To hear it said—"How beautiful ! and good as she
is fair !"

And then to place the marriage crown upon that bright
young brow !
Oh no ! not that—'tis full of thorns ; alas, I'm wan-
dering now.
This weak, weak head ! this foolish heart ! they'll cheat
me to the last ;
I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is past.

And hast thou not one look for me ? those little rest-
less eyes
Are wandering, wandering every where, the while thy
mother dies :—
And yet—perhaps thou'rt seeking me—expecting me,
mine own !
Come, death, and make me to my child at least in
spirits known !

THE LAST TEAR.

SHE had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her liliated cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April even.
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
That widen'd as the shower clears off from heaven.
Her beauty woke,—a sudden beam of soul
Flash'd from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

BY THE HON. W. SPENCER.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented
 (The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
 And slipp'd in three blessings—wife, children, and
 friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated,
 For justice divine could not compass its ends ;
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
 For earth becomes Heaven—with wife, children,
 and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
 The fund ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends ;
 But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
 When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and
 friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's dying embers,
 The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
 Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers
 How bless'd was his home with—wife, children,
 and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
 Whom duty to far distant latitude sends,
 With transport would barter old ages of glory,
 For one happy day with—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
 Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends,
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
 The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and
 friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children, and
friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favourite bends ;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedew'd with the tears of—wife, children, and
friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends,
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall
flavour
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and friends.

ON MUSIC.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Yes, Music hath the key of Memory ;
And thoughts and visions buried deep and long,
Come, at the summons of its sweetness, nigh.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key,
That opes the gates to Memory,
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again !

The sun-bright hopes of early Youth,
Love—in its first deep hour of truth—
And dreams of Life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne !

To the Enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one;
And calls back moments—brief as dear—
When last 'twas wafted on his ear!

The Exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among;
And straightway on his visions rise
Hope's sunny slopes and cloudless skies!

The Warrior, from the strife retired,
By Music's stirring strains inspired,
Turns him to deeds of glory done,
To dangers 'scaped, and battles won!

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,
Spell of the dreams of banish'd years,
Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gate of Memory;

'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,
Yet chase the smiles of Mirth away;
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,
Yet bid the mourner cease to weep!

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Can make its pulses all thine own!

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

BY G. W. DOANE.

The device—two hearts united.

The motto—“*Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.*”

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring
 Of massive form, and virgin gold,
 As firm, as free from base alloy,
 As were the sterling hearts of old.
 I like it—for it wafts me back,
 Far, far along the stream of time,
 To other men, and other days,
 The men and days of deeds sublime.
 But most I like it as it tells
 The tale of well-requited love ;
 How youthful fondness persevered
 And youthful faith disdain'd to rove ;—
 How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,
 Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
 Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,
 He won his fair and blooming bride ;—
 How, till the appointed day arrived,
 They blamed the lazy-footed hours ;—
 How then the white-robed maiden train
 Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers ;—
 And how, before the holy man,
 They stood in all their youthful pride,
 And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows
 Which bind the husband to his bride ;
 All this it tells ;—the plighted troth,
 The gift of every earthly thing,
 The hand in hand, the heart in heart—
 For this I like that ancient ring.

I like its old and quaint device ;

Two blended hearts, though time may wear them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,

“ Till death,” shall e’er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, ’neath sun and storm,

Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,

These two, the world’s rough pathways trod.

Age might impair their youthful fires,

Their strength might fail, ’mid life’s bleak weather,
Still, hand in hand, they travel’d on,—

Kind souls ! they slumber now together.

I like its simple posy too ;

“ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine !”

Thine, when the dark storm howls along,

As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.

“ This heart is thine, mine own dear love !”

Thine, and thine only, and for ever ;

Thine, till the springs of life shall fail—

Thine, till the chords of life shall sever :

Remnant of days departed long,

Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,

Pledge of devoted faithfulness,

Of heartfelt, holy love, the token—

What varied feelings round it cling !

For these, I like that ancient ring.

NATURE.

I LOVE to set me on some steep
That overhangs the billowy deep,

And hear the waters roar ;

I love to see the big waves fly,

And swell their bosoms to the sky,

Then burst upon the shore.

I love, when seated on its brow,
To look o'er all the world below,
And eye the distant vale;
From thence to see the waving corn
With yellow hue the hills adorn,
And bend before the gale.

I love far downward to behold
The shepherd with his bleating fold,
And hear the tinkling sound
Of little bell and mellow flute,
Wafted on zephyrs soft, now mute,
Then swell in echoes round.

I love to range the valleys too,
And towering hills from thence to view,
Which rear their heads on high,
When nought beside, around, is seen
But one extended space between,
And overhead the sky.

I love to see, at close of day,
Spread o'er the hills the sun's broad ray,
While rolling down the west;
When every cloud in rich attire,
And half the sky, that seems on fire,
In purple robes is dress'd.

I love, when evening veils the day,
And Luna shines with silver ray,
To cast a glance around,
And see ten thousand worlds of light
Shine, ever new, and ever bright,
O'er the vast vault profound.

I love to let wild fancy stray,
And walk the spangled Milky Way,

Up to the shining height,
Where thousand thousand burning rays
Mingle in one eternal blaze,
And charm the ravish'd sight.

I love from thence to take my flight,
Far downward on the beams of light,
And reach my native plain,
Just as the flaming orb of day
Drives night, and mists, and shades away,
And cheers the world again.

ON A SLEEPING BOY.

SLEEP—and while slumber weighs thine eyelids down,
May no foul phantom o'er thy pillow frown;
But brightest visions deck thy tranquil bed,
And angels' wings o'er canopy thy head.
Sleep on, sweet boy! may no dark dream arise
To mar thy rosy rest—thou babe of Paradise!

See where the glowing hands are closely press'd,
As when from prayer he softly sunk to rest;
Mark how with half-closed lips and cherub smile,
He looks, as still he pray'd, and slept the while;
Yet, yet they seem as if they whisper'd praise
For all the blessings of his halcyon days.

Bid, oh, Almighty Father, God, and Friend!
Religion's glories on his steps attend;
To shine through all the dreary storms of life,
A splendid beacon in this world of strife;
And when to Thee recall'd, he sinks in death,
May prayer and praise still bless his parting breath!

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

BY MISS MITFORD.

SWEET is the English peasant's joy
 To watch her husband sleeping,
 And smile upon the blooming boy
 To his loved bosom creeping ;
 Her finger on her lip the while
 Mingling fond caution with her smile—
 For the dear father wearied came
 From copse-wood to his gentle dame ;
 'Twas cold, and wet the dreary day,
 And long and cheerless was the way—
 O transitory sorrow !
 Slumbering beside the faggot's blaze,
 On his calm mind no vision preys,
 Care leaves him till the morrow.
 Yet sometimes o'er his sunburnt face,
 A pleasant dream will shed its grace,
 Sometimes a swelling tear ;
 Full well can she, his happy mate,
 Link'd to his soul as to his fate,
 The transient images translate,
 Nor feel one doubting fear ;
 The heart, the heart oft prompts the themes,
 Which sleep and memory mould to dreams ;
 As radiance that from diamonds gleams,
 Is darted from above ;
 That smile the husband's fondness beams,
 That tear the father's love.

But 'tis no English cottage there,
 That rears its lofty head ;
 No English wife with tender care
 Watches her husband's bed :

No English peasant can he be
That slumbers there so heavily.
Though scarce the lamp can pierce the gloom,
That shrouds a high and stately room,
Its light a bending fair one shows ;
A man who snatches short repose ;
And while St. Cloud's proud walls scarce catch the
beam,
Louisa wondering marks Napoleon's dream.

Strong were the features, sallow, wan,
And thoughtful, of the sleeping man :
In the fine mould of beauty cast,
Till passions wild and moody pass'd,
And nature's lovely work o'er cast.
Yet smiles, the lightning of the storm,
Would sometimes gild their darken'd form ; -
And never had a smile so bright
Dwelt on his lips with sunny light,
Not when the Austrian maid he woo'd,
As now beguiles his dreaming mood.
His very hand, high raised in air,
Its gladsome influence seems to share.
Thinks he of victory's laurel bough ?
Or of his mighty empire now ?
In idolizing Paris crown'd ?
On Austerlitz' red field renown'd ?
Or, victor at the council board,
Deems he his rescued Spain restored ?
Oh, no ! not this the usurper's smile ;
Not this the statesman's crafty wile ;
Not this the conqueror's blood-earn'd bliss ;
No ! 'tis a blameless transport this ;
A joy unfelt of many years,
Unstain'd by guilt, unspoil'd by fears.

Treading a lone and seabeat shore
He seems a thoughtful boy once more :

A thoughtful boy, in musings rapt,
 In hope's delightful visions lapt;
 He feels the very breezes blow
 That fann'd his cheeks' enraptured glow;
 He hears the very surges beat
 That wont to lave his careless feet;
 And every wish and joy again
 Of happy youth inspires his brain.
 The rushing tide of love, of hope,
 Ambition undefined,
 Thoughts that the wealth of worlds would ope
 To yield it to mankind;
 Wishes that would possess to give;
 Power that might say, Be bless'd and live!
 That would to all he loved impart
 The boundless treasures of his heart;
 Win but to save some land bedeck'd with flowers,
 And Eden's bliss renew in Eden's blooming bowers.
 Such are the thoughts that wake his smiles,
 Such dreams his sleeping sense beguiles,
 And such are young Ambition's wiles.
 The sun that in the burning street
 Pours death in every ray,
 Darting through palms and plantains sweet,
 Gives but a soft and balmy heat
 Where leaf-born breezes play.
 'Tis as the war-flag closely furl'd
 When reason reigns within;
 O 'tis the world, the bitter world
 That makes ambition sin.

Ah, see the brilliant smile is dead!
 The hand is dropp'd, the joy is fled!
 Some thought has indistinctly shown,
 As in a misty glass,
 Where all the cares that wait a throne,
 And youthful hopes and virtues flown,
 In dim confusion pass;

With comrades slain, a fearful band,
Brothers who roam a foreign strand,
 A fond forsaken wife,
A bleeding world, a suffering land,
 His sorrows and his life.
Well may he sigh ! but that convulsion
 A deeper anguish caused ;
Almost it seem'd in dread revulsion
 That Nature's functions paused.
His brow was wet, his hair upraised,
His hands were clench'd, his look was mazed,—
The empress trembled as she gazed.
At Palm's dread spectre doth he quake ?
Comes D'Enghien thus his soul to shake ?
No ; to the consciences of kings
Flattery her deadly opiate brings ;
Though doom'd untried, by impious men,
Yet murder shall be justice then.

In all his pomp of power array'd,
The monarch deems himself betray'd ;
Hemm'd in by guards and armed bands,
Chain'd in the senate-hall he stands ;
All whom he hated, all he loved
Were there, and all his fall approved.
E'en the betrayer's self stood nigh,
With jeering tongue, and scornful eye,
And thrice he strove to strike him dead,
And thrice the grinning traitor fled ;
And Frenchmen thrice, with fickle breath,
Shouted " Napoleon to the death !"
That horror's pass'd : Memory again
Binds Fancy in her spell-fraught chain.
The vision changed, and changed his look,
Though still his form with chillness shook,
Though still uprose his coal-black hair,
'Twas anguish still—but not despair.

He seem'd through realms of frost to stray
 Where endless forests barred his way ;
 Forests of pines, whose snow mass made
 In noontide clear a midnight shade.
 A sense of solitary care,
 Silence and deathlike cold were there.
 And still he thought at every step
 His jaded steed was forced to leap ;
 Something he could not move nor kill,
 Some fell obstruction met him still.
 At length full in the monarch's way
 A Gallic soldier dying lay ;
 Napoleon stopp'd and strove to cheer ;
 The warrior's death-groan met his ear,
 The warrior's death-glance met his eye,
 That groan, that glance he could not fly !
 A bitter curse they seem'd to shroud.
 He gallop'd on, he shouted loud,—
 But still the groan he cannot fly,
 But still the glance is in his eye.
 "Awake ! awake !" and at her touch
 The hero started from his couch :
 Awhile he stood and shook with dread ;
 " 'Tis but a dream !" at length he said ;
 " 'Tis but a bubble of the brain !"
 He said—yet fear'd to sleep again.

A POETICAL SKETCH.

BY MISS LONDON.

I do love
 These old remembrances—they are to me
 The heart's best intercourse; I love to feel
 The griefs, the happiness, the wayward fates
 Of those that have been, for these memories
 Hallow the spot whereon they linger, and
 Waken our kindest sympathies.

THE shore was reef'd with rocks, whose rugged sides
 Were venturous footing for the fowler's step:
 They were shaped out in wild and curious forms,
 Above all jagged and broken, but below
 The waves had worn the shaggy points away;
 For there they rave incessantly. When last
 I pass'd along the beach, it was at eve,
 A summer's eve, stormy, but beautiful;
 I could but look upon the western sky,
 The rest was hidden from my view; but there
 The day had spent its glory. One rich light
 Broke through the shadow of the tempest's wing,
 While the black clouds, with gold and purple edged,
 Caught every moment warmer hues, until
 'Twas all one sparkling arch, and, like a king
 In triumph o'er his foes, the Sun-god sought
 The blue depths of the sea;—the waters yet
 Were ruffled with the storm, and the white foam
 Yet floated on the billows, while the wind
 Murmur'd at times like to an angry child,
 Who sobs even in his slumber. Mid the rocks
 That rose stern barriers to the rebel waves,
 There was one spot less rugged than the rest:

Some firs had taken root there, and waved o'er
The entrance of a cave, where Grecian bards
Had said some Sea-maid dwelt, and deck'd the place
With ocean treasures, for the walls were bright
With crystal spar : In sooth, it seem'd just form'd
For some fair daughter of the main ; at noon
Here she might bind her hair with shells, and wake
Her golden harp. But now a legend's told
Of human love and sorrow—it is call'd
The Cavern of the Pirate's Love :—her fate
Is soon and sadly told : she follow'd one,
A lawless wanderer of the deep, for whom
She left her father's halls. A little while
She might know happiness—it is the heart
That gives the colour to our destiny.
But lovely things are fleeting—blushes, sighs,
The hours of youth, smiles, hopes, and minstrel dreams,
Spring days and blossoms, music's tones, are all
Most fugitive ; and swifter still than these
Will love dissolve into forgetfulness.
She was deserted. For awhile this cave
Was her sad refuge ; for awhile the rocks
Echoed her wild complainings. I can deem
How she would gaze upon the sea, and think
Each passing cloud her lover's bark, 'till, hope
Sicken'd of its own vanity, and life
Sicken'd with hope, she pass'd and left a tale,
A melancholy tale, just fit to tell
On such an eve as this, when sky and sea
Are sleeping in the mute and mournful calm
Of passion sunk to rest.

THE SHIP'S RETURN.

BY MISS BENDER.

THOU com'st, fair bark, in gallant pride,
 Thy swan-white sails exulting spread ;
 Nor I the graceful triumph chide,
 For silent are the tears I shed.

Erewhile, when thou wert distant far,
 Wandering on ocean's pathless waste,
 I hail'd thee as my pilot star,
 By thee my devious course was traced.

To thee, as to a hallow'd shrine,
 My sighs, my prayers were all address'd ;
 Thy pride, thy honour seem'd but mine,
 And in thy safety was my rest.

But now, though trophies deck thy brow,
 A mournful wreck alone I see ;
 For he who warm'd each ardent vow,
 No more a welcome asks of me.

He should have lived !—for fortune owed
 The kind redress, withheld too long,
 Whilst he life's dark and dreary road
 Had still beguiled with hope's sweet song.

He should have lived !—in suffering school'd,
 But ne'er with fancied wrongs oppress'd ;
 For nature still o'er sorrow ruled,
 And peace his guileless soul possess'd.

Unskill'd in caution's rigid lore,
 He scorn'd suspicion's gloomy sway ;
 Deceived, he trusted as before,
 And dreams illumed each passing day.

And still in Albion's happy isle,
His little fairy home was placed ;
Domestic love,—affection's smile,
Were all the joys he sigh'd to taste.

How bless'd, to strive with toil no more,
To live for social cares alone ;
To sooth the ills that others bore,
And none had ever sooth'd his own !

How fair the scene by fancy cast,
Rich with affection's balmy breath,
Ah dream ! the loveliest, as the last,
That gilded the dark hour of death.

Even on his wandering soul it smiled,
When flitting shades around him press'd,
A transient gleam of joy beguiled
His pangs—one moment he was bless'd.

He saw the partner of his days,
Hail'd each loved friend with ancient claim,
And with a tender lingering gaze,
Responded to the father's name.

And then he would a blessing breathe,
A pledge of Christian faith impart,
And with a dower of love bequeath
The latest counsels of his heart.

But then he saw the phantoms fade,
He gazed on strangers, rude and cold,
His last fond look was hope betray'd,
His parting sigh, a wish untold.

KIRKHOPE TOWER.

THE ivy spreads o'er Kirkhope Tower
 Its leaves of fadeless green,
 And wallflowers blossom in the bower
 Where human flowers have been :
 The grass tufts hang upon the wall
 Where the warrior's bugle hung,
 And night winds sing along the hall
 Where the raptured minstrel sung.

The human flowers have pass'd away ;
 The warrior, too, is gone ;
 The minstrel slumbers in the clay,
 Without a churchyard stone.
 What was their beauty or their love,
 Their valour or their fame,
 There is no record here to prove—
 They have not left a name.

And, stone by stone, the walls decay,
 While mosses o'er them creep ;
 And, in the distant future, they
 Will be a shapeless heap :
 And there the milkmaid, homeward bound,
 May pluck the summer flower,
 And know not that the grassy mound
 Had once been Kirkhope Tower.

SONG.

BY P. B. SHELLEY.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near;
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure,
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure;
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of delight!
 The fresh earth in new leaves dress'd,
 And the starry night;

Autumn evening, and the morn,
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek—not love them less.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee ;
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ; O come,
Make once more my heart thy home !

STANZAS.

THEY say that the light of her eyes is gone,
That her voice is low, and her cheek is wan ;
That her looks are sad, and strange, and wild,
Yet meek as the looks of a sinless child.

For the melting glance of her soft blue eye
Is chill'd by cold insanity ;
And the beauty that her bright form wore,
Is the shrine of a living soul no more.

And her words discourse not music sent
From reason's govern'd instrument ;
But, borne by her troubled fancies, stray
Like notes of the harp which the wild winds play.

I would not look on her alter'd brow,
Nor her eye, so dim and soulless now ;
I would not view her pale, pale cheek,
Nor hear her, in her madness, speak ;

Nor see her smile, she knows not why,
While her tears flow down unmeaningly ;
Nor her vacant gaze, the piteous token
Of a brain o'erwrought, and a young heart broken.

No—on these things I would not look,
For the brightest gift in Fortune's book ;
For she was join'd with the fairest things
That rose in my youth's imaginings.

And oh ! how oft have I turn'd away
From a brighter eye and a cheek more gay,
That my soul might drink, to sweet excess,
The light of her pensive loveliness.

But her languid eye shall charm no more,—
Her smiles and her tears—they are nearly o'er ;
For fond hopes lost, and her heart o'erladen,
Have crush'd, in her bloom, the guiltless maiden.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
 Over Waterloo ;
 Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
 Faint and low they crew,
 For no paly beam yet shone
 On the heights of Mount Saint John ;
 Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
 Of timeless darkness over day ;
 Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
 Mark'd it a predestined hour.
 Broad and frequent through the night
 Flash'd the sheets of levin-light ;
 Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
 Show'd the dreary bivouac
 Where the soldier lay,
 Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
 Wishing dawn of morn again
 Though death should come with day.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
 Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
 And ghastly forms through mist and shower
 Gleam on the gifted ken ;
 And then the affrighted prophet's ear
 Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
 Presaging death and ruin near
 Among the sons of men ;—
 Apart from Albyn's war-array,
 'Twas then gray Allan sleepless lay ;
 Gray Allan, who, for many a day,

Had follow'd stout and stern
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel

Valiant Fassiefern.

Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morvern long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse ;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain.—

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared

For Flodden's fatal plain ;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.

An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
 With gesture wild and dread ;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
 The lightning's flash more red ;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
 And of the destined dead.

SONG.

Wheel the wild dance
Where lightnings glance,
 And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To a bloody grave,
 To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
 They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in the eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by ;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
 Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
 Of blackening mud and gore.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
 And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To a bloody grave,
 To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
 For you our ring makes room;
Makes space full wide
For martial pride,
 For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier,
 Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broad-sword's weight
 Both head and heart shall feel.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
 And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To a bloody grave,
 To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
 In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
 And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
 Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
 Our choir of death shall know.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
 And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To a bloody grave,
 To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—

See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame ;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

At morn, gray Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,

The legend heard him say ;
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his highland heath—
But often of the Dance of Death

His comrades tell the tale
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ST. VALERIE.

BY MISS LANDON.

RAISED on the rocky barriers of the sea,
Stands thy dark convent, fair St. Valerie !
Lone like an eagle's nest, the pine-trees tall
Throw their long shadows on the heavy wall,
Where never sound is heard, save the wild sweep
Of mountain waters rushing to the deep,
The tempest's midnight song, the battle-cry
Of warring winds, like armies met on high,
And in a silent hour the convent chime,
And sometimes, at the quiet evening time

A vesper song—those tones, so pure, so sweet,
When airs of earth and words of heaven do meet !
Sad is the legend of that young Saint's doom !
When the Spring Rose was in its May of bloom,
The storm was darkening ; at that sweet hour
When hands beloved had rear'd her nuptial bower,
The pestilence came o'er the land, and he
 With whom her heart was, died that very morn—
Her bridal morn ! Alas, that there should be
 Such evils ever for affection born !
She shrank away from earth, and solitude
 Is the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain ;
Life had no ties,—she turn'd her unto heaven,
 And on the steep rock rear'd her holy fane.
It has an air of sadness, as just meet
For the so broken heart's last lone retreat !—
A portrait here has still preserved each charm :
I saw it one bright evening, when the warm
Last glow of sunset shed its crimson ray
Over the lovely image. She was fair
As those most radiant spirits of the air
Whose life is amid flowers ; like the day,
The golden summer day, her glossy hair
Fell o'er a brow of Indian ivory ;
Her cheek was pale, and in her large dark eye
There was a thought of sorrow, and her brow
Upon one small snow hand lean'd pensively,
As if to hide her tears ;—the other press'd
A silver crucifix upon her breast. -
I ne'er saw sadness touching as in thee
And thy lorn look, oh fair ST. VALERIE !

TO OCEAN.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

ENDLESS, ever-sounding sea,
 Image of Eternity !
 Troubled, with unconscious breast,
 Like the dead without their rest ;
 Deaf unto thy own wild roar,
 Heard at once on every shore ;
 Stretching on from pole to pole,
 Far as suns and seasons roll,
 Far as reign of night and day,—
 Sounding on, away—away !

Oh ! what precious things there be,
 Shrined and sepulchred in thee !
 Gems and gold, from every eye,
 Hid within thy bosom lie :
 Many a treasure-laden bark
 Rests within thy caverns dark ;
 And where towers and temples rose,
 Buried continents repose :
 Giant secrets of thy breast,
 With their thousand isles of rest—
 With their brave and beauteous forms,
 Undisturb'd beneath thy storms ;
 In a safe and peaceful home,
 Where the mourner may not come,
 Nor the stranger rudely tread
 O'er their calm and coral bed.
 Where the ocean buried lies,
 May no monuments arise,
 For thy bosom bears no trace
 Of our evanescent race :
 On thy wild and wandering wave,
 Bloom no laurels for the grave ;

O'er thy dread, unfathom'd gloom,
 Tower no trophies for the tomb.
 But there comes a day of dread,
 To reclaim thy thousand dead;
 Bursting from thy dark control,
 While in fire thy billows roll,
 Shall that countless multitude
 Soar from out thy shrinking flood,
 Thy mistress moon be changed to blood!
 And the sun, with aspect drear,
 Look upon this parting sphere,
 As once his startled orb look'd wan,
 On his cross who died for man:—
 Then shall the archangel stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on shore,
 And swear with an uplifted hand—
 'That time shall be no more!'
 And while Heaven's last thunders roll,
 Sounding Nature's parting knoll,
 Like a burning, blackening scroll,
 Reeling from the face of day,
 Earth and sea shall flee away!

THE GRAY HAIR.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

COME, let me pluck that silver hair
 Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see;
 The withering type of Time or Care
 Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

Years have not yet impair'd the grace
 That charm'd me once, that chains me now;
 And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
 One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brighten'd them when first we met;
No :—rays of softest light illumine
Thy unambitious beauty yet!

And if the passing clouds of Care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace :

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never mark'd before !

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—
If bliss indeed may here be won—
In spite of all that Care can do ;
In spite of all that Time hath done ;

Is yon white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given ?
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven ?

To speak to thee of life's decay ;
Of beauty, hastening to the tomb ;
Of hopes, that cannot fade away ;
Of joys, that never lose their bloom ?

Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark, glossy locks entwined,
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind !

It does—it does :—then let it stay ;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now ;
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow ?

THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE DEEP.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

THERE'S beauty in the deep :—
 The wave is bluer than the sky ;
 And though the light shine bright on high,
 More softly do the sea-gems glow
 That sparkle in the depths below ;
 The rainbow's tints are only made
 When on the waters they are laid,
 And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
 Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep !

There's music in the deep :—
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell
 How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
 Or winds its softness through the flood,
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,
 And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep !

There's quiet in the deep :—
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
 Above, let care and fear contend
 With sin and sorrow to the end :
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep !

A POET'S ADDRESS TO GLORY.

DREAM of my boyhood, vision of my youth,
 Wilt thou still haunt me, yet be never truth?
 Like him, who, bound in sleep, saw heaven unfold,
 And radiant creatures on its steps of gold,
 I gaze, and yearn to join the glittering throng
 Who scale thy temple by the paths of song;
 But, impotently struggling, cannot rise,—
 Chain'd to the earth, while longing for the skies.
 O spirit! let me not in vain adore,
 Give me the power, or take the wish to soar:
 I would forget the unreturning ray
 That flash'd one moment o'er my youthful way,
 So swiftly fled, I scarce should know it shone,
 Had not its memory lured so vainly on,
 To toils for wreaths that never can be mine,—
 Still to desire, but never reach thy shrine.
 I heard, and deem'd the flattering legend true,
 Thou wast the prize of him who dared pursue,—
 That he who felt thy influence in his breast
 Should wear in time thy favours on his crest.
 Aroused too late, I see thee as the star,
 That, bright above us in its golden car,
 Shines, but emits nor light nor kindly glow
 To guide or cheer the wandering wretch below.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

BY H. J. FINN.

DEEP mists hung over the Mariner's grave
When the holy funeral rite was read ;
And every breath on the dark blue wave
Seem'd hush'd, to hallow the friendless dead.

And heavily heaved, on the gloomy sea,
The ship that shelter'd that homeless one—
As though his funeral hour should be,
When the waves were still, and the winds were gone.

And there he lay, in his coarse cold shroud—
And strangers were round the coffinless :
Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away, to tell
Where the Mariner lies, in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then linger'd upon the air—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent ;
But the plunging sound of the dead was there—
And the ocean is now his monument !

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breathed, and shed, in the hours to come—
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died, far, far from his happy home !

REMEMBRANCE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.—ALL.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends ;
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends .
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms,—
 What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
 When novelty hath lost its charms ?
 Condemn'd to suffer through the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
 Before his wish'd return.
 From hard control and tyrant rules,
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 In thought he loves to roam ;
 And tears will struggle in his eye
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind ;
 Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
 Its consolation find ?

Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy ?
Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
The fabled bliss destroy ;
And youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on ;
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone ;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth ;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow ;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

POESY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

O ! I HAVE been thy lover long,
 Soul-soothing Poesy ;
 If 'twas not thou inspired the song,
 I still owe much to thee :
 And still I feel the cheering balm
 Thy heavenly smiles supply,
 That keeps my struggling bosom calm,
 When life's rude storms are high.

O ! in that sweet romance of life
 I loved thee, when a boy,
 And ever felt thy gentle strife
 Awake each little joy ;
 To thee was urged each nameless song,
 Soul-soothing Poesy ;
 And as my hopes wax'd warm and strong,
 My love was more for thee.

'Twas thou and Nature bound, and smiled,
 Rude garlands round my brow,—
 Those dreams that pleased me when a child,
 Those hopes that warm me now.
 Each year with brighter blooms return'd,
 Gay visions danced along,
 And at the sight my bosom burn'd,
 And kindled into song.

Springs come not, as they yearly come
 To low and vulgar eyes,
 With here and there a flower in bloom,
 Green trees, and brighter skies :

Thy fancies flush'd my boyish sight,
And gilt its earliest hours ;
And Spring came wrapt in beauty's light,
An angel dropping flowers.

O, I have been thy lover long,
Soul-soothing Poesy ;
And sung to thee each simple song,
With witching ecstasy,
Of flowers, and things that claim'd from thee
Of life an equal share,
And whisper'd soft their tales to me
Of pleasure or of care.

With thee, life's errand all perform,
And feel its joy and pain ;
Flowers shrink, like me, from blighting storm,
And hope for suns again :
The bladed grass, the flower, the leaf,
Companions seem to be,
That tell their tales of joy and grief,
And think and feel with me.

A spirit speaks in every wind,
And gives the storm its wings ;
With thee all nature owns a mind,
And stones are living things ;
The simplest weed the Summer gives
Smiles on her as a mother,
And, through the little day it lives,
Owns sister, friend, and brother.

O Poesy, thou heavenly flower,
Though mine a weed may be,
Life feels a sympathising power,
And wakes inspired with thee ;

Thy glowing soul's enraptured dreams
To all a beauty give,
While thy impassion'd warmth esteems
The meanest things that live.

Objects of water, earth, or air,
Are pleasing to thy sight;
All live thy sunny smiles to share,
Increasing thy delight;
All Nature in thy presence lives
With new creative claims,
And life to all thy fancy gives
That were but shades and names.

Though cheering praise and cold disdain
My humble songs have met,
To visit thee I can't refrain,
Or cease to know thee yet;
Though simple weeds are all I bring,
Soul-soothing Poesy,
They share the sunny smiles of Spring,
Nor are they scorn'd by thee.

A REMEMBERED FACE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Am there!—and comest thou thus again—
Thou phantom of delight?
How oft, in hours of lonely pain,
Thou risest on my sight.
Since last we met, what suns have known
Their rising and decline!
But none of all those suns have shown
A fairer face than thine.

'Tis many a year since I look'd on
Those meek and loving eyes ;
And thousands since have come and gone,
Like meteors through the skies.
But thine—they often come to me,
With lustre so benign,
Though memory of all others flee
'Twill make but dearer thine.

As not alone, the gorgeous arch
Rear'd in heaven's summer dome,
Gleams proudly on its silent march,
And heralds good to come,
But leaves, where'er its glory pass'd,
A fragrancy divine*,
So freshly on my soul is cast
The odorous light of thine.

Then welcome to my lonely hours,
Thou visionary thing,
Come with thy coronal of flowers,
Flowers of a vanish'd spring.
For gleeful souls let others roam,
But, till life's cords untwine,
In my heart's depth shall find a home
That pensive face of thine.

* "The ancients," says Lord Bacon, in his "Ten Centuries of Natural History," "believed that where the rainbow rested it left a delicate and heavenly odour."

GLENCOE.

BY MISS LONDON.

LAY by the harp, sing not that song,
Though very sweet it be ;
It is a song of other years,
Unfit for thee and me.

Thy head is pillow'd on my arm,
Thy heart beats close to mine ;
Methinks it were unjust to heaven,
If we should now repine.

I must not weep, you must not sing
That thrilling song again,—
I dare not think upon the time
When last I heard the strain.

It was a silent summer eve :
We stood by the hill side,
And we could see my ship afar
Breasting the ocean tide.

Around us grew the graceful larch,
A calm blue sky above,
Beneath were little cottages,
The homes of peace and love.

Thy harp was by thee then, as now,
One hand in mine was laid,
The other, wandering 'mid the chords,
A soothing music made ;

Just two or three sweet chords, that seem'd
An echo of thy tone,—
The cushat's song was on the wind
And mingled with thine own.

I look'd upon the vale beneath,
 I look'd on thy sweet face,
 I thought how dear, this voyage o'er,
 Would be my resting place.

We parted ; but I kept thy kiss,—
 Thy last one,—and its sigh—
 As safely as the stars are kept
 In yonder azure sky.

Again I stood by that hill side,
 And scarce I knew the place,
 For fire, and blood, and death, had left,
 On every thing their trace.

The lake was cover'd o'er with weeds,
 Choked was our little rill,
 There was no sign of corn or grass,
 The cushat's song was still ;

Burnt to the dust, an ashy heap
 Was every cottage round,—
 I listen'd, but I could not hear
 One single human sound.

I spoke, and only my own words
 Were echoed from the hill ;
 I sat me down to weep, and curse
 The hand that wrought this ill.

We met again by miracle :
 Thou wert another one
 Saved from this work of sin and death,—
 I was not quite alone.

And then I heard the evil tale
Of guilt and suffering,
Till I pray'd the curse of God might fall
On the false-hearted king.

I will not think on this,—for thou
Art saved, and saved for me !
And gallantly my little bark
Speeds through the moonlight sea.

There's not a shadow in the sky,
The waves are bright below,
I must not on so sweet a night,
Think upon dark Glencoe.

If thought were vengeance, then its thought
A ceaseless fire should be,
Burning by day, burning by night,
Kept like a thought of thee.

But I am powerless and must flee,—
That e'er a time should come,
When we should shun our own sweet land,
And seek another home !

This must not be, yon soft moonlight
Falls on my heart like balm,
The waves are still, the air is hush'd,
And I too will be calm.

Away ! we seek another land
Of hope, stars, flowers, sunshine ;
I shall forget the dark green hills
Of that which once was mine !

OH! SAY NOT 'TWERE A KEENER BLOW.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

Oh! say not 'twere a keener blow
 To lose a child of riper years,
 You cannot feel a mother's woe,
 You cannot dry a mother's tears;
 The girl who rears a sickly plant,
 Or cherishes a wounded dove,
 Will love them most, while most they want
 The watchfulness of love!

Time *must* have changed that fair young brow!
 Time *might* have changed that spotless heart!
 Years *might* have taught deceit—but now
 In love's confiding dawn—we part!
 Ere pain or grief had wrought decay,
 My babe is cradled in the tomb;
 Like some fair blossom torn away
 Before its perfect bloom.

With thoughts of peril and of storm,
 We see a bark first touch the wave;
 But distant seems the whirlwind's form,
 As distant—as an infant's grave!
 Though all is calm, that beauteous ship
 Must brave the whirlwind's rudest breath;
 Though all is calm, that infant's lip
 Must meet the kiss of Death!

INCOGNITA.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore !

Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious ; now no more
On land or ocean seen !

Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass*,
Many as fair as thou might be,
But oh ! not one,—not one like thee.

Thou art no child of fancy ;—thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow
Wreathed with luxuriant hair ;
Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue ;
Of all whoe'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but One.

And who was she in virgin prime :
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood ;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd
In which her once resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm ?

* Henry Cornelius Agrippa of Netteshiem, counsellor to Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany,—the author of "Occult Philosophy," and other profound works,—is said to have shown the Earl of Surrey the image of his mistress Geraldine, in a magical mirror.

Of gentle blood ;—upon her birth
 Consenting planets smiled,
 And she had seen those days of mirth
 That frolic round the child.
 To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
 Behold her beautiful and young !
 Lives there a record, which hath told
 That she was wedded, widow'd, old !

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess ;
 The pencil's cunning art
 Can but a single glance express,
 One motion of the heart ;
 A smile, a blush—a transient grace
 Of air, and attitude, and face ;
 One passion's changing colour mix ;
 One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain
 Would fancy here recall :
 Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
 Lull'd in oblivion all ;
 With her, methinks, life's little hour
 Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
 —That leaves upon the vernal wind
 Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she ?—Ask yon aged tree,
 Whose boughs embower the lawn,
 Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
 Awoke her here at dawn ;
 Whether beneath its youthful shade,
 At noon in infancy she play'd :
 If from the oak no answer come,
 Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day ;
—Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But, not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky :
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round,
In bliss or woe there is a place,
Where she might still be found ;
And oh ! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below ;—

An angel in that glorious realm,
Where God himself is King ;
—But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing ;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein eternity enrolls
The judgments on departed souls.

Of her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form ;
—Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm ;—
Of her this “ shadow of a shade,”
Like its original must fade,
And she, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne’er had been.

Ah! then perchance this dreaming strain,
 Of all that e'er I sung,
 A lorn memorial may remain,
 When silent lies my tongue;
 When shot the meteor of my fame,
 Lost the vain echo of my name,
 This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
 The only trace of her and me.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

With one who lived of old, my song
 In lowly cadence rose;
 To one who is unborn, belong
 The accents of its close;
 Ages to come, with courteous ear,
 Some youth my warning voice may hear;
 And voices from the dead should be
 The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
 Reader! if I am bless'd,
 Again, as spirits, may we meet
 In glory and in rest:
 If not,—and *I* have lost my way,
 Here part we;—go not *thou* astray;
 No tomb, no verse my story tell!
 Once, and for ever, fare thee well.

OH NO, WE NEVER SPEAK OF HER!

BY T. H. BAYLY.

OH no—we never speak of her,
 Her name is never heard;
 My lips are now forbid to breathe
 That once familiar word:
 From sport to sport they hurry me,
 To banish my regret;
 And when they win a smile from me,
 They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
 The charms that others see;
 But were I in a foreign land,
 They'd find no change in me:
 'Tis true that I behold no more
 The valley where we met,
 I do not see the hawthorn tree—
 But how can I forget?

For ah, there are so many things
 Recall the past to me,
 The breeze upon the sunny hill,
 The billows on the sea;
 The rosy tints that deck the sky
 Before the sun is set;—
 Aye, every leaf I look upon,
 Forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
 The gayest of the gay;
 They say that she forgets me,
 But I heed not what they say:
 Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
 Each feeling of regret,
 But *if* she loves as I have loved,
 She never can forget.

TO A CHILD.

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,

My little, patient boy ;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways ;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid ;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now ;
And calmly midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah ! firstborn of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too ;

My light where'er I go,
My bird when prison bound,
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say “He has departed”—
“His voice”—“his face”—“is gone;”
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fix'd, and sleeping !
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping,
Seem whispering us a smile;—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, “We've finish'd here.”

TO THE
RAINBOW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art:—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream'd of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds its span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.



SONG.

BY MISS LANDON.

THERE'S a shade upon that fountain ;
It will not linger there ;
But the cloud now resting on it
Will leave it yet more fair.

Not thus the shade may pass
That is upon thy heart,
There is no sun in earthly skies
Can bid its gloom depart ;

For falsehood's stain is on it,
And cruelty and guile—
And these are stains that never pass,
And shades that never smile.

CALLAO IN 1747.

BY W. HOWITT.

THE watchman stood upon the topmost tower
 Of old Calláo, and he struck the flag,
 As he was wont, at eventide ; and then,
 Had he been told 'twas to an enemy,
 He would have laugh'd ; for he enjoy'd a joke,
 And every thing was peace. The air, the earth,
 The peopled town beneath him, and the sea
 All slumber'd in the beautiful repose
 Of a clear, summer evening. But, in troth,
 There *was* an enemy, though there seem'd none.
 And such an enemy—that, to it, the might
 Of banded armies is but as a breath.
 The watchman, gazing on the quiet sea,
 Saw it at once recoil, as in affright—
 Far off:—'twas in a moment—then, as soon—
 Upward it rear'd its huge and mountainous bulk,
 And with a horrid roar, it swept along
 Towards the town. He saw the people run—
 He heard one vast and agonizing cry
 Of “ Mercy!—Mercy!”—and then all was still:—
 There were no people,—neither town nor tower ;
 But a wide ocean rolling its black waves
 With nothing to resist them ;—and a boat,—
 A single boat, the only visible thing,
 Tossing beside him. He sprang into it ;—
 And now no longer warder in Calláo,
 Through the lone wilderness of waves he drives,
 Seeking a home ; for his, and all his race,
 Are in the bottom of the eternal flood.

I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

You think I have a merry heart
 Because my songs are gay,
 But, oh ! they all were taught to me
 By friends now far away :
 The bird will breathe her silver note
 Though bondage binds her wing—
 But *is* her song a happy one ?
 I'm saddest when I sing !

I heard them first in that sweet home
 I never more shall see,
 And now each song of joy has got
 A mournful turn for me :
 Alas ! 'tis vain in winter time
 To mock the songs of spring,
 Each note recalls some wither'd leaf—
 I'm saddest when I sing !

Of all the friends I used to love
 My harp remains alone ;
 Its faithful voice still seems to be
 An echo to my own :
 My tears when I bend over it
Will fall upon its string,
 Yet those who hear me, little think
 I'm saddest when I sing !

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

BY JOHN KEATS.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Dress'd as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his maid Marian,
 Sup and bouze from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
 Mine host's sign-board flew away,
 Nobody knew whither, till
 An astrologer's old quill
 To a sheepskin gave the story,
 Said he saw you in your glory,
 Underneath a new old sign
 Sipping beverage divine,
 And pledging with contented smack
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

THE MORAVIAN BURIAL GROUND.

BY MRS. EMBURY.

The following lines are an attempt to convey an idea of the simple beauty of the Moravian Burial Ground at Bethlehem, Penn. The feelings described suggested themselves on the spot; and the incident alluded to actually occurred.

'Twas one of those sweet days when spring awakes
Her gentlest zephyrs and her softest light,
Wooing the wild flower in the sunny brakes,
And winning the young bird to joyous flight;
While rose the lulling murmur of the bee
'Mid the sweet sounds of nature's jubilee.

Our loitering feet unconsciously we turn'd
Towards a green and solitary lane;
A pure, calm spirit in our bosom burn'd,
And feelings sadden'd, though unmix'd with pain—
Oh! surely we were then in fitting mood
To ponder on the grave's dread solitude.

Through a low gate our quiet steps we bent—
Was this sweet, lonely spot a burial place?
Here was no urn, no sculptured monument,
But o'er it Spring had shed her loveliest trace;
For the bright verdure and the fragrant bloom
Of the wild violet deck'd each smiling tomb.

A lowly mound of earth, an humble stone,
Traced with the name of him who lay beneath,
A name still dear to love, though never known
To fame, were all that spoke of dreaded death;
Fresh grass, and flowers, and scented herbs were there,
Filling with brightness earth, with odours air.

High swell'd my heart as 'mid those graves I trod ;
I felt life's nothingness in that calm hour ;
My spirit knew the presence of its God,
And bow'd submissive to Almighty power ;
While humbly now I deem'd I ne'er should shrink
To drain the cup that earthly love must drink.

I had been an idolater—aye, still
My heart was vow'd upon an earthly shrine ;
Though check'd a moment by that holy thrill,
I knew my bosom never could resign
Its deep idolatry till life was past ;
Had I not cause to fear Heaven's frown at last ?

Fill'd with these thoughts, I turn'd e'en from the brow
That most I loved, to hide my gushing tears,
And gazing on the humble graves where low
Lay buried many a love of other years,
I threw myself beside a grassy mound
With reverence, for I felt 'twas holy ground.

For there, with eyelids closed in changeless night,
The mother and her sinless infant lay ;
In the same hour death breathed o'er both his blight ;
And in one pang their spirits pass'd away—
The all of mother's feelings she had known
Were the keen throe, the agony alone :

Alas for earthly joy, and hope, and love,
Thus stricken down e'en in their holiest hour !
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove
Who live to weep the blasted tree and flower !
Oh, woe, deep woe to earthly love's fond trust,
When all it once has worship'd lies in dust !

There was one hillock deck'd beyond the rest,
Where rue, and thyme, and violets, were sighing ;
No trace of earth defaced its verdant breast ;
The wild 'bee o'er the sunny flowers was flying,

Or hiding, mid the odorous buds and leaves,
Beneath the dewy veil the evening weaves.

There slept the patriarch of fourscore years,
Whose long life like an April day had closed
In smiles and sunshine after clouds and tears ;
Now calm in death his aged form reposed ;
While oft affection's pearly tears bedew'd
The flowers that deck'd his peaceful solitude.

Lo ! while we gazed, with slow and noiseless tread
A female form drew nigh ; her right hand bore
A water-urn ; and o'er the' unconscious dead
Lowly she bent its freshening dew to pour,
Till the flowers brightly 'neath the sun gleam'd up,
Each bearing a rich gem within its cup.

Ten years had pass'd since he who slumber'd there,
Had cast aside the weight of clay, and yet
His grave still fondly claim'd a daughter's care ;
Still was it visited with deep regret ;
Such was the love of hearts o'er which no trace
Of earth had pass'd affection to efface.

Then with tumultuous feelings all subdued
By death's undreaded presence, I awoke
My song's low murmurs in that solitude,
And thus my half-breathed whispers softly broke :

When in the shadow of the tomb
This heart shall rest,
Oh ! lay me where spring flowerets bloom
On earth's brightest breast.

Oh ! ne'er in vaulted chambers lay
My lifeless form ;
Seek not of such mean, worthless prey
To cheat the worm.

In this sweet city of the dead
I fain would sleep,
Where flowers may deck my narrow bed,
And night dews weep.

But raise not the sepulchral stone
To mark the spot ;
Enough, if by thy heart alone
'Tis ne'er forgot.

SONG.

TELL me, now that thou art mine,
Why thou wert not sooner so :
Did thy bosom ne'er repine,
When thy lips had answer'd—no ?
When I call'd up visions bright
From the realms of hope and bliss,
Did thy fancy shun the sight ?
Did thy wishes fly my kiss ?

What ! and wouldst thou have me tell
How my foolish heart was won ?
Wouldst thou have me break the spell,
Ere its whole sweet work is done ?
Many a year the same light chain
That has bound me now, should last ;
And I fear 'twould fall in twain,
Were a glance but on it cast.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A PORTRAIT.

BY MISS LANDON.

'Tis a dark and flashing eye,
 Shadows, too, that tenderly,
 With almost female softness, come
 O'er its glance of flame and gloom.
 His cheek is pale ; or toil or care,
 Or midnight study, has been there,
 Making its young colours dull,
 Yet leaving it most beautiful.
 Such a lip ! Oh, pour'd from thence,
 Lava-floods of eloquence
 Come with fiery energy,
 Like those words that cannot die ;
 Words the Grecian warrior spoke
 When the Persian's chain he broke ;
 And that low and honey tone,
 Making woman's heart his own,
 Such as should be heard at night
 In the dim and sweet starlight ;
 Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,
 Treasures for her heart to keep,
 Suited for the citron shade,
 Or the soft-voiced serenade.
 Raven curls that shadows throw
 O'er a high and haughty brow,
 Lighted by a smile, whose spell
 Words are powerless to tell.—
 Such the image in my heart,—
 Painter, try thy glorious art !

THE SICK CHILD.

BY JOHN STRUTHERS.

I PASS'D the cot but yesterday,
 'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,
 All pleased and pleasing, void of guile,
 Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,
 The woods pour forth more wild delight,
 The air seems all one living hum,
 And every leaflet breathes perfume.
 Then why is silence in the cot,
 Its wonted industry forgot,
 The fire untrimm'd, the floor unred,
 The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,
 While, all in woful dishabille,
 Across the floor the children steal?
 Alas! these smother'd groans! these sighs!
 Sick, sick the little darling lies;
 The mother, while its moan ascends,
 Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping, bends;
 And, all absorb'd in speechless woe,
 The father round it paces slow.
 Behind them close, with clasped hands,
 The kindly village matron stands,
 Bethinking what she shall direct,
 For all night long, without effect,
 Her patient care has been applied,
 And all her various simples tried,
 And glad were she could that be found
 Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent
 To deeper moans gives ampler vent,

Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,
As if to say, "Let me but die ;
For me, your cares, your toils give o'er,
To die in peace, I ask no more."

But who is there with aspect kind,
Where faith, and hope, and love are join'd,
And pity sweet? The man of God,
Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,
And to the pressure of the case,
Applies the promises of grace—
Then lifts his pleading voice and eye,
To Him enthroned above the sky,
Who, compass'd once with pains and fears,
Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears,
And hence, his sympathetic glow,
He feels for all his people's woe—
For health restored, and length of days,
To the sweet Babe he humbly prays,
But 'specially that he may prove,
An heir of faith, a child of love,
That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,
May bloom immortal in the skies—
And for the downcast parent pair,
Beneath this load of grief and care—
That grace divine may bear them up,
And sweeten even this bitter cup,
Which turns to gall their present hopes,
With consolation's cordial drops—
He pauses—Now the struggle's done,
His span is closed—his race is run,
No—yet he quivers—Ah! that thrill!
That wistful look—Ah! now how still.
But yesterday the cot was gay,
With smiling virtue's seraph train!
There sorrow dwells with death to-day,
When shall the cot be gay again!

ON PAINTING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

O THOU ! by whose expressive art,
 Her perfect image Nature sees,
 In union with the graces, start,
 And sweeter by reflection please !
 In whose creative hand the hues,
 Stolen from yon orient rainbow shine :
 I bless thee, Promethëan Muse ;
 And hail thee brightest of the NINE !

Possessing more than mortal power ;
 Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
 Whose lineage in a raptured hour,
 From Love, the lord of Nature, sprung :
 Does Hope her high possession meet ?
 Is Joy triumphant ;—Sorrow flown ?
 Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
 When all we love is all our own.

But hush, thou pulse of pleasure dear,
 Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
 Lone absence plants a pang severe,
 Or death inflicts a keener dart :
 Then for a beam of joy to light
 In memory's sad and wakeful eye ;
 Or banish from the noon of night
 Her dreams of deeper agony.


Shall song its witching cadence roll,
 Yea, even the tenderest air repeat ?
 That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
 And heart to heart responsive beat :
 What visions rise to charm, to melt !
 The lost, the loved, the dead are near ;
 Oh, hush that strain, too deeply felt,
 And cease that silence too severe.

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love both taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart ;
The sacred image of a friend ;
All is not lost if yet possess'd
For me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast,
I hold the image all divine.

Or gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt over the departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm ;
She looks, she lives, this transient hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or Glory's starry diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid,
A treasure to my soul has given,
When Beauty's canonized shade
Smiles through the sainted hues of heaven.
No spectre form of pleasure fled,
Thy softening sweetening tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest form she wore.

Then bless'd be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her polish'd grace redeems ;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.
From Love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charm'd with gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee, mutely eloquent,
And hail thee brightest of the NINE !



THE PAINTER.

BY MISS LANDON.

I know not which is the most fatal gift,
Genius or Love, for both alike are ruled
By stars of bright aspect and evil influence.

HE was a lonely and neglected child :
His cheek was colourless, save when the flush
Of strong emotion master'd its still whiteness ;
His dark eyes seem'd all heaviness and gloom,
So rarely were they raised. His mother's love
Was for her other children : they were fair,
And had health's morning hues and sunny looks.
She had not seen him, when he watch'd the sun
Setting at eve, like an idolater,
Until his cheek grew crimson in the light
Of the so radiant heavens, and his eyes
Were eloquently beautiful, all fill'd
With earth's most glorious feelings. And his father,
A warrior and a hunter, one whose grasp
Was ever on the bridle or the brand,
Had no pride in a boy whose joy it was
To sit for hours by a fountain's side
Listening its low and melancholy song ;
Or wander through the garden silently,
As if with leaves and flowers alone he held
Aught of companionship. In his first years
They sent him to a convent, for they said
Its solitude would suit with GUIDO's mood.
And there he dwelt, treasuring those rich thoughts
That are the food on which young genius lives.
He rose to watch the sunlight over Rome

Break from its purple shadows, making glad
Even that desolate city, whose dim towers,
Ruins and palaces, seem as they look'd
Back on departed time; then in the gloom
Of his own convent's silent burying-ground,
Where, o'er the quiet dead, the cypress mourn'd,
He pass'd the noon, dreaming those dear day-dreams,
Not so much hopes as fancies; then at eve,
When through the painted windows the red sun
Rainbow'd the marble floor with radiant hues,
Where spread the ancient church's stately arch,
He stay'd, till the deep music of the hymn,
Chanted to the rich organ's rolling notes,
Bade farewell to the day; then to his cell
He went, and through the casement's iron bars
The moon look'd on him, beautiful as love,
Lighting his slumber. On the church's wall
There hung one lovely portrait, and for hours
Would GUIDO, in the fulness of his heart,
Kneel, watching, till he wept. The subject was
A dying Magdalene: her long black hair
Spread round her like a shroud, one pale thin hand
Pillow'd a cheek as thin and pale, and scarce
The blue light of the eyes was visible
For the death dampness on the darken'd lids,
As one more effort to look on the cross,
Which seem'd just falling from the fainting arm,
And they would close for ever. In that look
There was a painter's immortality,
And GUIDO felt it deeply, for a gift
Like his whose work that was, was given him,—
A gift of beauty and of power,—and soon
He lived but in the beautiful creations
His pencil call'd to life. But as his thoughts
Took wider range, he languish'd to behold
More of a world he thought must be so fair,
So fill'd with glorious shapes. It chanced that he

Whose hand had traced that pale sad loveliness,
Came to the convent; with rejoicing wonder
He mark'd how like an unknown mine, whose gold
Gathers in silence, had young GUIDO'S mind
Increased in lonely richness; every day
New veins of splendid thoughts sprang into life.
And GUIDO left his convent cell with one
Who, like a génie, bore him into scenes
Of marvel and enchantment. And then first
Did GUIDO feel how very precious praise
Is to young genius, like sunlight on flowers,
Ripening them into fruit. And time pass'd on;—
The lonely and neglected child became
One whom all Rome was proud of, for she gave
At once birth to his fame and to himself.

There was a melancholy beauty shed
Over his pictures, as the element
In which his genius lived was sorrow. Love
He made most lovely, but yet ever sad;
Passionate partings, such as wring the heart
Till tears are life-blood; meetings, when the cheek
Has lost all hope of health in the long parting;
The grave, with one mourning in solitude;
These made his fame, and were his excellence,—
The painter of deep tears. He had just gain'd
The summer of his glory and of his days,
When his remembering heart was call'd to give
A longer memory to one whose life
Was but a thread. Her history may be told
In one word—love. And what has love e'er been
But misery to woman? Still she wish'd—
It was a dying fancy which betray'd
How much, though known how false its god had been,
Her soul clung to its old idolatry,—
To send her pictured semblance to the false one.
She hoped—how love will hope!—it might recall
The young and lovely girl his cruelty

Had worn to this dim shadow ; it might wake
Those thousand fond and kind remembrances
Which he had utterly abandon'd, while
The true heart he had treasured next his own
A little time, had never ceased to beat
For only him, until it broke. She leant
Beside a casement when first GUIDO look'd
Upon her wasted beauty. 'Twas the brow,
The Grecian outline in its perfect grace,
That he had learn'd to worship in his youth,
By gazing on that Magdalene, whose face
Was yet a treasure in his memory ;
But sunken were the temples, they had lost
Their ivory roundness, yet still clear as day
The veins shone through them, shaded by the braids,
Just simply parted back, of the dark hair,
Where grief's white traces mock'd at youth. A flush,
As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her cheek,
Then linger'd there for ever, look'd like health
Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip,
Like the rich crimson of the evening sky,
Brightest when night is coming. GUIDO took
Just one slight sketch ; next morning she was dead !
Yet still he painted on, until his heart
Grew to the picture,—it became his world,—
He lived but in its beauty, made his art
Sacred to it alone. No more he gave
To the glad canvass green and summer dreams
Of the Italian valleys ; traced no more
The dark eyes of its lovely daughters, look'd
And caught the spirit of fine poetry
From glorious statues : these were pass'd away.
Shade after shade, line after line, each day
Gave life to the sweet likeness. GUIDO dwelt
In intense worship on his own creation,
Till his cheek caught the hectic tinge he drew,

And his thin hand grew tremulous. One night—
The portrait was just finish'd, save a touch,
A touch to give the dark light of the eyes—
He painted till the lamps grew dim, his hand
Scarce conscious what it wrought; at length his lids
Closed in a heavy slumber, and he dreamt
That a fair creature came and kiss'd his brow,
And bade him follow her: he knew the look,
And rose. Awakening, he found himself
Kneeling before the portrait:—'twas so fair,
He deem'd it lived, and press'd his burning lips
To the sweet mouth; his soul pass'd in that kiss,—
Young GUIDO died beside his masterpiece!

TO

A HIGHLAND GIRL,

AT INVERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks; this household lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream:
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!

Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scatter'd like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful !
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;

Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, any thing to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loath to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the spirit of them all !

I THINK OF THEE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I THINK of thee, when morning springs
From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love,
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
And sent in music from the grove,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide
The evening spreads her robes of light,
And, like a young and timid bride,
Sits blushing in the arms of Night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
And stars are forth, like blessed things,
I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee ;—that eye of flame,
Those tresses falling bright and free,
That brow where “ Beauty writes her name,”
On fancy rush ;—I think of thee.

CRESCENTIUS.

BY MISS LANDON.

I LOOK'D upon his brow,—no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there ;
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine
 As even o'er despair
 He had a power ; in his eye
 There was a quenchless energy,
 A spirit that could dare
 The deadliest form that death could take,
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
 He raised them haughtily ;
 And had that grasp been on the brand,
 It could not wave on high
 With freer pride than it waved now.
 Around he look'd with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh—
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before : he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
 And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
 And bade their warrior speed.
 His helm, his breastplate were of gold,
 And graved with many a dent, that told
 Of many a soldier's deed ;
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chain'd and alone,
 The headsman by his side ;
 The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
 The sword, that had defied
 The mightiest, lay broken near,
 And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride ;
 And never king or conqueror's brow
 Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncover'd eye ;
 A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who throng'd to see him die.
 It was a people's loud acclaim,
 The voice of anger and of shame,
 A nation's funeral cry—
 Rome's wail above her only son,
 Her patriot—and her latest one.

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

BY JOHN LEYDEN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !
 What vanity has brought thee here ?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
 For twilight converse, arm in arm ;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
 When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chérical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks, stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave.

Fade day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts, that soar'd sublime,
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn :
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipp'd with death has borne ?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn !—
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay !

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

AND art thou gone? and hast thou left
This vain and busy world behind,—
Of all that pleased and pain'd bereft,
To soar an unembodied mind?
O, if from thine illumined sphere,
Our human frailties thou canst see,
And mindful of thy being here,
Canst feel for those who felt for thee ;

And if, as some believe, a tie
With those of mortal mould and birth
Connects, in glorious sympathy,
The spirits which have pass'd from earth—
Feelings that soften man and melt
His pride—through his existence roll ;—
But feelings which are only felt
When silence settles on the soul ;

Be mine thy mantle ; and impart
Thy spirit, patient and serene,
Thine own pure singleness of heart,
And make me all that thou hast been :

Teach me to know, and feel, and see
Thy worth—the paths which thou hast trod—
My beacon on life's ocean be,
To lead my trembling steps to God.

Though mine was not the dear delight
To bear the name of Friend, or ever
To share thy counsels; brief and bright
The hours which we have pass'd together.
Some sweet intelligence was near,
To consecrate their memory,
A sense—a motion—new, but dear,
That open'd all my heart to thee.

As the sunny light which evening throws,
When Autumn o'er the world is stealing,
In melancholy radiance glows,
And wakes the very soul of feeling,—
Chaste—solemn—beautifully bright—
As if the glory and the bliss
Of the next world were given to sight,
Mix'd with the fickleness of this.

But they are pass'd away, and nought
Can now remain of them or thee,
Save deep remembrance, and the thought
That such ourselves shall shortly be.
And oft at such an hour as this,
Thy memory shall a presence be,
To fit my soul to share thy bliss,
And dwell eternally with thee.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Son of the Ocean-isle !

Where sleep your mighty Dead ?
Show me what high and holy pile
Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's Dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade :

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose fight is done !
There slumber England's Dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Gunga's banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar :

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone !—
There slumber England's Dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung :

But let the floods rush on !

Let the arrow's flight be sped !

Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?—

There slumber England's Dead.

The mountain-storms rise high

In the snowy Pyrenees,

And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,

Like rose-leaves on the breeze :

But let the storm rage on !

Let the forest-wreaths be shed !

For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—

There slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen deep's repose

'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,

When round the ship the ice-fields close,

To chain her with their power :

But let the ice drift on !

Let the cold blue desert spread !

Their course with mast and flag is done—

There slumber England's Dead.

The warlike of the isles !

The men of field and wave !

Are not the rocks their funeral piles,

The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,

Free, free the white sail spread !

Wind may not rove, nor billow sweep,

Where rest not England's Dead.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN

TO HER APOSTATE LOVER.

BY THE REV. T. DALE.

Oh lost to faith, to peace, to Heaven!
 Canst thou a recreant be
 To Him whose life for thine was given,
 Whose cross endured for thee?
 Canst thou for earthly joys resign
 A love immortal, pure, divine?
 Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
 And cleave unchanged to me?

Thou canst not—and 'tis breathed in vain—
 Thy sophistry of love;—
 Though not in pride or cold disdain
 Thy falsehood I reprove;—
 Inly my heart may bleed—but yet
 Mine is no weak—no vain regret;
 Thy wrongs to me I might forget—
 But not to Him above.

Cease then thy fond impassion'd vow,
 In happier hours so dear;
 (No virgin pride restrains me now)
 I must not turn to hear;
 For still my erring heart might prove
 Too weak to spurn thy proffer'd love;
 And tears—though feign'd and false—might move,
 And prayers, though insincere.

But no! the tie so firmly bound
 Is torn asunder now;
 How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
 It recks not to avow;

Go thou to fortune and to fame ;
I sink to sorrow—suffering—shame—
Yet think, when glory gilds thy name,
I would not be as thou.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
The bosom all thine own ;
Thou know'st, in joy's enlivening beam,
Or fortune's adverse frown,
My pride, my bliss had been to share
Thine hopes ; to sooth thine hours of care ;
With thee the martyr's cross to bear,
Or win the martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er ; but never from my heart
Shall time thine image blot ;
The dreams of other days depart ;
Thou shalt not be forgot ;
And never in the suppliant sigh
Pour'd forth to Him who rules the sky ;
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remember'd not.

Farewell ! and oh ! may he whose love
Endures though man rebel,
In mercy yet thy guilt reprove ;
Thy darkening clouds dispel :
Where'er thy wandering steps decline
My fondest prayers—nor only mine ;—
The aid of Israel's God be thine ;
And in his name—Farewell !

THE COVENANTERS.

BY MISS LONDON.

My home is but a blacken'd heap
 In the midst of a lonesome wild,
 And the owl and the bat may their night-watch keep
 Where human faces smiled.

I rock'd the cradle of seven fair sons,
 And I work'd for their infancy :
 But, when like a child in mine old age,
 There are none to work for me!

NEVER ! I will not know another home,
 Ten summers have pass'd on, with their blue skies,
 Green leaves, and singing birds, and sun-kiss'd fruit,
 Since here I first took up my last abode,—
 And here my bones shall rest. You say it is
 A home for beasts, and not for humankind,
 This bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale
 Below is beautiful. I know the time
 When it look'd very beautiful to me !
 Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak
 Stands black and leafless, as if scorch'd by fire,
 While round it the ground seems as if a curse
 Were laid upon the soil ? Once by that tree,
 Then cover'd with its leaves and acorn crop,
 A little cottage stood : 'twas very small,
 But had an air of health and peace. The roof
 Was every morning vocal with the song
 Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nest
 Was built in safety underneath the thatch ;
 A honeysuckle on the sunny side
 Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets.
 Around was a small garden : fruit and herbs

Were there in comely plenty ; and some flowers,
Heath from the mountains, and the wilding bush
Gemm'd with red roses, and white apple blossoms,
Were food for the two hives, whence all day long
There came a music like the pleasant sound
Of lulling waters. And at even-tide
It was a goodly sight to see around
Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health
And youth and happiness: these were my children,
That cottage was mine home.—

There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were hunted by their fellow men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten ; the white head,
Darken'd with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murder'd infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forswear the faith
They had grown up in. I was one of these :
How could I close the Bible I had read
Beside my dying mother, which had given
To me and mine such comfort ? But the hand
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt ;
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame,
Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words
Praying for mercy, and then childish screams
Of fear and pain. There were these the last night
The white walls of my cottage stood ; they bound
And flung me down beside the oak, to watch
How the red fire gather'd, like that of hell.
There sprang one to the lattice, and leant forth,
Gasping for the fresh air,—my own fair girl !
My only one ! The vision haunts me still :
The white arms raised to heaven, and the long hair,
Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head
Upright, from terror. In the accursed glare

We knew each other ; and I heard a cry
Half tenderness, half agony,—a crash,—
The roof fell in,—I saw my child no more !
A cloud closed round me, a deep thunder-cloud,
Half darkness and half fire. At length sense came,
With a remembering like that which a dream
Leaves, of vague horrors ; but the heavy chain,
The loathsome straw which was mine only bed,
The sickly light through the dim bars, the damp,
The silence, were realities ; and then
I lay on the cold stones and wept aloud,
And pray'd the fever to return again
And bring death with it. Yet did I escape,—
Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,
And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow ;
I thought then I would seek my desolate home,
And die where it had been. I reach'd the place :
The ground was bare and scorch'd, and in the midst,
Was a black heap of ashes. Frantickly
I groped amid them, ever and anon
Meeting some human fragment, skulls and bones
Shapeless and cinders, till I drew a curl,
A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,
Stainless and golden, as but then just severed,
A love-gift from the head : I knew the hair—
It was my daughter's ! there I stood, and howl'd
Curses upon that night. There came a voice,
There came a gentle step ;—even on that heap
Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour
To the great God my gratitude ! That curl
Was wet with tears of happiness ; that step,
That voice, were sweet familiar ones,—one child,
My eldest son, was sent me from the grave !
That night he had escaped.—

We left the desolate valley, and we went
Together to the mountains and the woods,
And there inhabited in love and peace,
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,

And roused them to avenge their many wrongs.
Yet stood they not in battle, and the arm
Of the oppressor was at first too mighty.
Albeit I have lived to see their bonds
Rent like burnt flax, yet much of blood was spilt
Or ever the deliverance was accomplish'd.
We fled in the dark night. At length the moon
Rose on the midnight,—when I saw the face
Of my last child was ghastly white, and set
In the death-agony, and from his side
The life-blood came like tears ; and then I pray'd
That he would rest, and let me stanch the wound.
He motion'd me to fly, and then lay down
Upon the rock, and died ! This is his grave,
His home and mine. Ask ye now why I dwell
Upon the rock, and loathe the vale beneath ?

SONNET.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

WHEN last we parted thou wert young and fair ;
How beautiful, let fond remembrance say !
Alas ! since then, old Time has stolen away
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare.
So hath it perish'd like a thing of air,
The dream of Love and Youth !—Now both are gray,
Yet still remembering that delightful day,
Though Time with his cold touch hath blanch'd my hair,
Though I have suffer'd many years of pain
Since then ; though I did never think to live
To hear that voice or see those eyes again,
I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
Lady, as when I loved thee young and fair !

LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.

AWAY—away ! my barb and I—
 Free as the wave, fleet as the wind,
 We sweep the sands of Araby,
 And leave a world of slaves behind !
 'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
 Nor e'er feel lonely, though alone ;—
 I would not change my Arab barb
 To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.
 Where the pale stranger dares not come,
 Proud, o'er my native sands, I rove—
 An Arab tent my only home,
 An Arab maid my only love.
 Here freedom dwells without a fear,
 Coy to the world, she loves the wild :
 Whoever brings a fetter here,
 To chain the desert's fiery child ?
 What though the Frank may name with scorn
 Our barren clime, our realm of sand ;
There were our thousand fathers born—
 Oh ! who would scorn his fathers' land ?
 It is not sands that form a waste,
 Nor laughing fields a happy clime :—
 The spot the most by freedom graced,
 Is where man feels the most sublime !—
 Away—away ! my barb and I—
 Free as the wave, fleet as the wind,
 We sweep the sands of Araby,
 And leave a world of slaves behind !

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY MISS BOWLES.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away !
 Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !
 Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
 Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb !

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither “toil
 nor spin ;”
 Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they’re all apparelled in ;
 No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more
 bright
 Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem’d with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never
 pall ;
 Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all !—
 The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed
 air,
 Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
 share.

The happy careless creatures ! of time they take no
 heed ;
 Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
 Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away ;
 Nor when ’tis gone, cry dolefully, “ would God that
 it were day !”

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
 Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature’s
 breast ;
 No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from de-
 cay—
 Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !

A SIGH FOR THE PAST,

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

O for the days of youth,
 When life was in its spring,
 Ere its visions, that came in the guise of truth,
 Had fled on the morning's wing,—
 When the heart shed forth its hallowing light
 On all that met the raptured eye—
 Ere Hope's young bloom was touch'd with blight,
 And Memory but a sigh!

O for the dreamers gone,
 With whom our childhood play'd,
 Soon as the little task was done,
 In the calm sequester'd shade!
 And the later friends beloved so well,
 (Alas! to think that friendship dies!)
 Where do their gentle spirits dwell?
 I ask—but none replies:—

No voice, except the breeze,
 As it waves November's wood—
 And the heavy knell of the distant seas,
 Filling the solitude
 With pulses of such saddening sound,
 Where every sound of life is fled,
 As seem amid the stillness round,
 Like voices from the dead.

The dead!—No voice have they—
 No echo lingering here—
 By mountain, wood, or wave, to stray
 Back on the living ear.

Yet still ascend earth's choral strains,
As if she ne'er had lost a tone
Of gladness from her green domains,
Though theirs are voices gone ;—

Save that they seem in dreams
On the sleep-seal'd ear to fall,
Like the sighing sound of far distant streams,
Or the tones that night-winds call
(When roaming round baronial piles),
From some forlorn Æolian lyre,
Or down cathedrals' echoing aisles,
Where sleep the tuneful choir ;

Or unto thought return
In the hour of reverie,
Oft as in vision dimly borne
Far from the things that be.
In Memory's land the spirit roams,
As o'er a pale and pillar'd waste,
Mid broken shrines and silent homes,
And spectres of the past ;—

And weeps for the days of youth,
When life was in its spring,
Ere its visions, that came in the guise of truth,
Had fled on the morning's wing,—
When the heart shed forth its hallowing light
On all that met the raptured eye—
Ere hope's young bloom was touch'd with blight,
And Memory but a sigh.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

This dial was, I believe, formed by Linnæus, and marked the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
 As they floated in light away,
 By the opening and the folding flowers
 That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 And its graceful cup or bell,
 In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
 Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
 In a golden current on,
 Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
 The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
 Those days of song and dreams—
 When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
 By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
 Far off in a breezeless main,
 Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
 Has sought, but still in vain.

LAUREL.

M

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

SONNET.

THE FIRST-BORN.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

NEVER did music sink into my soul
So "silver sweet," as when thy first weak wail
On my rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound
Seem'd mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launch'd, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurl'd
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail:
Or, if thy voyage must be rough,—may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as bless'd as I am now!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

AGAIN the flowers we loved to twine
 Wreath wild round every tree ;
 Again the summer sunbeams shine,
 That cannot shine on thee.
 Verdure returns with fresher bloom
 To vale and mountain-brow ;
 All nature breaks as from the tomb ;
 But—" Where art thou ?"

At eve, to sail upon the tide,
 To roam along the shore,
 So sweet while thou wert at my side,
 Can now delight no more :—
 There is in heaven, and o'er the flood,
 The same deep azure now ;
 The same notes warble through the wood ;
 But—" Where art thou ?"

Men say there is a voice of mirth
 In every grove and glen ;
 But sounds of gladness on the earth
 I cannot know again.
 The rippling of the summer sea,
 The bird upon the bough,
 All speak with one sad voice to me ;
 'Tis—" Where art thou ?"

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

COME, all ye feathery people of mid air,
 Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
 Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
 Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool;
 And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
 For suns to ripen, come!—O phoenix rare!
 If death hath spared, or philosophic search
 Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
 Perfect Arabian,—lonely nightingale!
 Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
 But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
 Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
 Until they waken;—and thou, cuckoo bird,
 Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
 Material, but dost wander far and near,
 Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
 Sight of her love,—come all to my slow charm!
 Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
 Who springest like a thought unto the sun;
 And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
 (Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
 And with it enrich our ears;—come all to me,
 Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
 And, in your several musics, whisper—LOVE!

THE
MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON.

My child was beautiful and brave,
 An opening flower of spring—
 He moulders in a distant grave,
 A cold forgotten thing.—
 Forgotten! aye, by all but me,
 As e'en the best beloved must be,
 Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

Methinks 't had been a comfort now
 To have caught his parting breath,
 Had I been near, from his damp brow
 To wipe the dews of death—
 With one long, lingering kiss, to close
 His eyelids for the last repose—
 Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

I little thought such wish to prove,
 When cradled on my breast,
 With all a mother's cautious love,
 His sleeping lids I press'd—
 Alas! alas! his dying head
 Was pillow'd on a colder bed—
 Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

They told me, victory's laurels wreathed
 His youthful temples round;
 That "Victory" from his lips was breathed
 The last exulting sound—
 Cold comfort to a mother's ear,
 Who long'd *his living* voice to hear!—
 Farewell! farewell, my dearest!

E'en so thy gallant father died,
 When thou, poor orphan child !
 A helpless prattler at my side,
 My widow'd grief beguiled.
 But now, bereaved of all in thee,
 What earthly voice shall comfort me ?—
 Farewell ! farewell, my dearest !

AMID THE WEST, THE LIGHT DECAYING.

BY C. H. TOWNSHEND.

AMID the West, the light decaying,
 Like joy, looks loveliest ere it dies,
 On ocean's breast, the small waves playing,
 Catch the last lustre as they rise.

Scarce the blue curling tide displaces
 One pebble in its gentle ebb ;—
 Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,
 In meshes fine as fairy's web.

From many a stroke the sea-weed streaming
 Now floats—now falls—the waves between,
 Its yellow berries brighter seeming,
 Amid the wreaths of dusky green.

This is the hour the loved are dearest,
 This is the hour the sever'd meet :
 The dead—the distant, now are nearest,
 And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.

THE LASS OF GLENESLAN-MILL.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Gleneslan is a wild and romantic glen between Nithsdale and Galloway; the mill stands, or stood, in the middle of the valley —I need not add on the bank of a fine stream.

THE laverock loves the dewy light;
 The bee the balmy fox-glove fair;
 The shepherd loves the glowing morn,
 When song and sunshine fill the air:
 But I love best the summer moon,
 With all her stars, pure streaming still,
 For then in light and love I meet
 The sweet Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

The violets lay their blossoms low,
 Beneath her white foot, on the plain;
 Their fragrant heads the lilies wave,
 Of her superior presence fain.
 O, might I clasp her to my heart,
 And of her ripe lips have my will!
 For loath to woo, and long to win,
 Was she by green Gleneslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
 O'er Blackwood-brow bright glow'd the moon,
 Rills murmur'd music, and the stars
 Refused to set our heads aboon:
 Ye might have heard our-beating hearts,
 Our mixing breaths, all was so still,
 Till morning's light shone on her locks—
 Farewell, Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
Had I the eye of worldish care,
I could not think thee half so sweet,
Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dewdrop dim mine eye,
This tongue be mute, this heart lie still,
Thine every wish of joy and love,
My Lass of green Gleneslan-mill !

THE IMAGE IN LAVA*.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THOU thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By Love and Agony !

Temple and tower have moulder'd,
Empires from earth have pass'd—
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast !

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind !

Babe ! wert thou calmly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest ?

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the first uncovering of Pompeii.

A strange dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part!

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child!
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought remain'd
But thorns whereon to lean!

Far better then to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassion'd grasp!

Oh! I could pass all relics,
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument,
Cast in Affection's mould!

Love, human Love! what art thou?
—Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown,
Wherein the mighty trust!

Immortal, oh! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so!

THE WALL-FLOWER.

BY DELTA.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,
 How beautiful it blooms !
 It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
 Like sunlight over tombs ;
 It sheds a halo of repose
 Around the wrecks of Time ;—
 To beauty give the flaunting rose,
 The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
 Gray Ruin's golden crown !
 That lendest melancholy grace
 To haunts of old renown ;
 Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
 By strife or storm decay'd ;
 And fillest up each envious rent
 Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
 Where, in war's stormy day,
 The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
 In battle's grim array :
 The clangour of the field is fled,
 The beacon on the hill
 No more through midnight blazes red—
 But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band
 That fill'd the abbey's nave ?
 Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
 O'er many a level grave ;
 In the belfry's crevices the dove
 Her young brood nurseth well,
 Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
 A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze!
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the Queen of Flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
Of flowers, first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But, wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me!

TO ELLEN—WEEPING.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

MINE eyes—that may not see thee smile,
 Are glad to see thee weep ;
 Thy spirit's calm, this weary while,
 Has been too dark and deep ;—
 Alas for him, who has but tears
 To mark his path of pain,
 But oh ! *his* long and lonely years,
 Who may not weep again !

Thou know'st, young mourner ! thou hast been,
 Through good and ill, to me,
 Amid a bleak and blighted scene,
 A single leafy tree ;
 A star within a stormy sky,
 An island on the main,—
 And I have pray'd, in agony,
 To see thee weep again !

Thou, *ever*, wert a thing of tears,
 When but a playful child,
 A very sport of hopes and fears,
 And *both* too warm and wild ;
 Thy lightest thoughts and wishes wore
 Too passionate a strain,—
 To *such* how often comes an hour,
 They never weep again !

Thou wert of those whose very morn
 Gives some dark hint of night,
 And, in thine eye, too soon, was born
 A sad and soften'd light ;

And on thy brow youth set the seal,
Which years, upon thy brain,
Confirm'd too well—and they who feel
May scarcely weep again !

But, once again, within thine eye,
I see the waters start,—
The fountains cannot *all* be dry
Within so young a heart !
—Our love, which grew in light, awhile,
Has long been nursed by rain,
But I shall, yet, behold thee smile,
Since thou hast wept again !

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY MISS JANE TAYLOR.

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she press'd !
Her prayer was heard—she clasp'd a living child,—
But how the gift transcends the poor request ?
A child was all she ask'd, with many a vow :
Mother—behold the child an angel now !

Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;
Of if to earth she take a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of his grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light ;—
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou may'st also be.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY JOHN THELWALL.

ALAS! I am an orphan boy,
 With nought on earth to cheer my heart :
 No father's love, no mother's joy,
 Nor kin, nor kind, to take my part.
 My lodging is the cold—cold ground ;
 I eat the bread of charity ;
 And, when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is no kiss, alas ! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
 A mother, too, I wont to prize,
 With ready hand to wipe the tear—
 If chanced a childish tear to rise :
 But cause of tears was rarely found ;
 For all my heart was youthful glee ;
 And, when the kiss of love went round,
 How sweet a kiss there was for me !

But, ah ! there came a war, they say—
 What is a war I cannot tell ;
 But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
 And loudly rang our village bell.
 In troth, it was a pretty sound,
 I thought ! nor could I thence foresee
 That, when the kiss of love went round,
 There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,
 And sword, as bright as bright could be !
 And feathers that so gaily look,
 All in a shining cap had he.

Then how my little heart did bound ;
Alas ! I thought it fine to see ;
Nor dreamt that, when the kiss went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

My mother sigh'd, my mother wept,
My father talk'd of wealth and fame ;
But still she wept, and sigh'd, and wept,
I could not choose but do the same.
But soon the horsemen throng around,
My father mounts with shout and glee :
Then gives a kiss to all around ;
And, ah ! how sweet a kiss to me !

But when I found he rode so far,
And came not home as heretofore,
I said it was a naughty war,
And loved the fife and drum no more.
My mother oft in tears was drown'd—
Nor merry tale, nor song had she ;
And, when the hour of night came round,
Sad was the kiss she gave to me.

At length the bell again did ring ;
There was a victory they said :
'Twas what my father said he'd bring ;
But, ah ! it brought my father dead. '
My mother shriek'd ; her heart was woe ;
She clasp'd me to her trembling knee.
Oh, God ! that you may never know
How wild a kiss she gave to me.

But once again—but once again
These lips a mother's kisses felt ;
That once again—that once again—
The tale a heart of stone would melt ;

'Twas when upon her deathbed laid,—
 (Oh, God! oh, God! that sight to see!)
“ My child!—my child!” she feebly said,
 And gave a parting kiss to me.

So, now, I am an orphan boy,
 With nought below my heart to cheer :
No mother's love, no father's joy,
 Nor kin, nor kind, to wipe the tear.
My lodging is the cold—cold ground ;
 I eat the bread of charity ;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is no kiss of love for me.

But I will to the grave and weep,
 Where late they laid my mother low,
And buried her with earth so deep,
 All in her shroud as white as snow.
And there I'll call on her so loud,
 All underneath the churchyard tree,
To wrap me in her snow-white shroud—
 For those cold lips are dear to me.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT FOR CALAIS.

UPON the winds—upon the waves—
 There comes a voice of fear ;
The tenants of a thousand graves
 Are screaming in my ear ;
They come from ocean and from plain,
Beneath the walls they are in vain
 With me to wail and weep :
From rampart and from citadel
The Frenchmen's shouts of triumph swell,
 And will not let them sleep.

Pale mourners of her child's disgrace,
I see my father's ghost
Leading the kings of Edward's race
To join the shadowy host :
Well, royal spectre, may'st thou frown—
Gone is the gem, which England's crown,
By England's valour won ;
Yet am I worthy that and thee,
My doom is seal'd—I cannot be
Despised—and yet live on.

There came a fiend—with withering breath
He told a tale of shame ;
Of blights on England's rosy wreath,
Of scorn on Mary's name.
The word of Calais on my heart
He traced as with a fiery dart ;
And as the letters grew,
More slowly roll'd the sanguine tide,
The springs of life within me died,
My destiny I knew.

O that I could have shed the blood
So creeping in my veins,
By drops, or in one gushing flood,
To wash away the stains
From me and England—to have gone
To death in glory from the throne,
Amid a nation's woe,
That little deems how much I loved
Their welfare, when I most reproved,
And now can never know.

But they had turn'd to fancies wild,
False victims had crept in,
And as the mother chides her child,
I smote, but wept, their sin ;

When I had purified the land,
 How gladly had I sheath'd the brand
 And sooth'd the desolate ;
 But now my unblest'd diadem
 Seems dropp'd with blood for pearls to them,
 A thing to curse and hate.

Gone are my hopes of glory—fled
 My dreams of shout and song—
 Still must I hide my unwreath'd head
 Amid the courtier throng :
 Joy lights for me no sparkling eyes,
 For me no unbought cheers arise,
 And mine may never be :
 Ye Saints of Heaven, for whom I've borne
 To be abhorr'd—this cause of scorn
 Ye might have spared to me.

There is no time to call my brave,
 To win my glory back ;—
 There is no time—the grave, the grave,
 Lies close before my track.
 Still be it welcome, I've not been
 So happy—daughter—wife—or queen,
 To mourn with life to part.
 Perhaps too, there may remain a one
 Who'll say for me, when I am gone,
 “ She had an English heart.”

THE WARRIOR'S DIRGE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.

LAST of a high and noble name,
We may not shed a tear for thee,
Thy fall was in the noon of fame,
As warrior's fall should be.
O'er thy fair morn, a cloud of night,
Awhile thy youthful errors lay,
But touch'd like that by heaven's own light,
Were early wept away.

Thy steps are miss'd by wood and wave,
Lost to the scenes thy youth loved best,
The torrents weep, the tempests rave
Above thy bed of rest.
The hound howls sadly at thy gate,
The echoes of the chase are o'er,
In vain the long—long night they wait,
The hunter comes no more.

No voice is heard amid thy halls,
Except the wild winds fitful sigh,
The morning beam that gilds thy walls
It cannot glad thine eye.
All lonely bloom the summer flowers,
Thy garden's silent walks along ;
The wild bird warbles through its bowers,
Thou canst not hear her song.

Cold is the heart that loves thee now,
'Twas broken ere it ceased to breathe ;
Alas ! what bids the hero's grow,
Must blight the bridal wreath.
From blood the warrior's laurel sprung,
Midst blood and tears can only bloom ;
'Tis but a funeral garland hung
Above his mouldering tomb.

Thou wert not made through wintry years
To wither, till the heart grows old ;
I weep until it hath no tears,
To feel the blood run cold.
Who would not wish like thee to die,
And leave a deathless name,
To live like thee while life was joy,
And fall when death was fame ?

THE OWL.

THERE sat an owl in an old oak tree,
Whooping very merrily ;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night :
He look'd about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his wife, and his children three..

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice, to learn her song,
The third (a hungry owl was he)
Peep'd slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peer'd for his dad, and said, " You're long ;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full grown mouse in his claw.
Oh what a supper they had that night !
All was feasting and delight ;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old owl do ?
Ah ! not so gay was his next too-whooh !

It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,
He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly, a gentleman owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood,
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He call'd his wife with a loud too-who; ;
"Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He call'd once more, and he shudder'd when
No voice replied to his voice again ;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
"Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth he,
"They will not speak,—well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not in nor out,
But hopp'd uneasily about.

What then did the father owl ?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain and woe,
And saw his wife, and children three,
In a young boy's captivity. . .
He follow'd them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewilder'd family ;

And he heard the hall with laughter ring
When the boy said, "Blind they'll learn to sing;"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
Through their eyeballs was thrust in!
He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell;
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
It quail'd him, as he shuddering said,
"Lo, the little birds are dead."
—But the father owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, reck'd not, where!

But whither then went the father owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl?
—He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he scream'd as they scream'd when he saw them
fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons travell'd he,
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain,
Many seasons, many years,
Number'd by his burning tears.
Many nights his boding cry
Scared the traveller passing by,
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,

With all his thoughts—ah ! all so dreary
For his only company ;—
—He heard something like a sound
Of horse-hoofs through the forest bound,
And full soon he was aware,
A stranger, and a lady fair,
Hid them, motionless and mute,
From a husband's quick pursuit.

The cheated husband pass'd them by ;
The owl shriek'd out, he scarce knew why ;
The spoiler look'd, and, by the light,
Saw two wild eyes, that, ghastly bright,
Threw an unnatural glare around
The spot where he had shelter found—
Starting, he woke from rapture's dream,
For again he heard that boding scream,
And “ On, for danger and death are nigh,
When drinks my ear that dismal cry ”—
He said, and fled through the forest fast,
The owl has punish'd his foe at last—
For he knew in the injured husband's foe
Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
And again and again he took to flight ;
But ever on his wandering wing
He bore that load of suffering—
Nought could cheer him !—the pale moon
In whose soft beam he took delight
He look'd at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had wither'd 'neath such cruel blight,
He hooted her—but still she shone—
And then away—alone ! alone !—

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny
Again to the well known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely lady bright.

The owl was dozing—but a stroke
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak
Shook him from his reverie—
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree!
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroy'd him!—he was glad!

And the lovely lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream
That from a wound on her bosom white
(Ah! that man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness)—
Well'd, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet,
And cling around the murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the bird
Shriek'd aloud—the murderer heard
Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam—

And "Curse on the fiend," he cried, and flung
His mattock up—it caught and hung—
The felon stood awhile aghast—
Then fled through the forest—fast, fast, fast.

The harden'd murderer hath fled—
But the owl kept watch by the shroudless dead.
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corse away—
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from the hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "Huzza!"
And why is yonder felon given
Alone to feed the birds of Heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave? not one.

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high—
There sits on its top a lonely owl,
With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl;
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"
His mortal foe is at his feet.

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

WE met when life and hope were new,
 When all we look'd on smiled ;—
 And Fancy's wand around us threw
 Enchantments—sweet as wild !—
 Ours were the light and bounding hearts
 The world hath yet to wring ;—
 The bloom—that when it once departs,
 Can know no second spring !

What though our love was never told,—
 Or breathed in sighs alone ;
 By signs that would not be controll'd,
 Its growing strength was shown :—
 The touch, that thrill'd us with delight ;
 The glance—by art untamed ;
 In one short moon, as brief as bright,
 That tender truth proclaim'd !

We parted, chilling looks among ;
 My inmost soul was bow'd ;
 And blessings died upon my tongue,
 I dared not breathe aloud :—
 A pensive smile, serene and bland,
 One thrilling glance—how vain !
 A pressure of thy yielding hand ;—
 We never met again !

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
 Of magic power to me ;
 That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
 To make me worthy thee !

And long, through many an after year,
 When boyhood's dream had flown,
 With nothing left to hope or fear,
 I loved, in silence, on !

More sacred ties, at length, are ours,
 As dear as those of yore ;
 And later joys, like autumn flowers,
 Have bloom'd for us once more !
 But never canst thou be again,
 What once thou wert to me ;—
 I glory in another's chain,—
 And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on
 (A prosperous lot is thine),
 The brighter, that it did not join
 The turbid waves of mine !
 Yet oh ! could fondest love relume
 Joy's sunshine on my brow,
 Thine scarce can be a happier doom
 Than I might boast of now !

SKETCH.

A DREAM of saddest beauty : one pale smile
 Its light upon the blue-vein'd forehead shed,
 As Love had linger'd there one little while,
 Robb'd the cheek of its colour, and then fled ;
 Yet leaving a sweet twilight shade, which said
 There had been sunshine once. Alas ! the bloom,
 The light, the hope, at Love's shrine offered !
 Yet all in vain !—That altar is a tomb
 Of broken hearts, its oracle but words of doom.

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

BY H. NEELE.

RUSH on, rush on, heaven-tinted Rhone,
Ye deep blue waves, rush on, rush on ;
O'er many a weary league I've pass'd,
To gaze upon thy face at last,
And many a league must traverse still,
By spreading main, and soaring hill,
Ere aught the enraptured eye shall see
So bright, so blue, save heaven and thee !

Child of the Alps ! loveliest of all
The streams that down their steep sides fall ;
The heaven, so near thy nursing place,
Has left its brightness on thy face,
And earth, exulting in her guest,
Gathering her noblest and her best
Of lake, mead, mountain, wood, has thrown
All o'er thy path, majestic Rhone.

Sweet summer's eve ! how oft I've gazed
On all the magic thou hast raised !
I've seen thee, on Plinlimmon's steep,
Treasures of gold and purple heap ;
I've seen thee, when Augusta's spires
Seem'd columns of heaven-kindled fires ;
I've seen thy long, long lines of glory
Fall o'er the ocean deep and hoary ;

But where the mountain-born, the Rhone,
Darts with the lightning's swiftness on ;
And where the everlasting Alps
Lift to the sky their snowy scalps ;

And where, upon Lake Lemman's breast,
Heaven's azure hues more heavenly rest,
As, when the prophet's mantle fell,
'Twas hallow'd with a double spell :

There—there—thou spread'st thy loveliest dyes,
The mountains mingle with the skies ;
The blushing vines, and waving corn,
Seem children of the sun, new-born ;
The soul, caught up on wings of love,
Communes with happier souls above ;
Burst is the separating girth,
And earth is heaven, and heaven is earth !

Sweet stream ! born 'midst the eternal hills,
The brightest of a thousand rills ;
Heaven still reflected in thy face,
What course soe'er thy swift waves trace ;
And still to the unfathom'd sea
Speeding ; methinks I read in thee,
And thy blue waters, as they roll,
An emblem of the human soul.

Like thee, a thing whose source is found
Far, far above terrestrial ground ;
Like thee, it ne'er should while on earth
Lose all the splendour of its birth ;
But ever bear upon its breast
Celestial images impress'd ;
Till mingled with the illimitable sea,
The swelling ocean of eternity !

VIOLA.

A FRAGMENT.

SHE had a form ; but I might talk till night,
 Young as the sun is now upon our watch,
 Ere I had told its beauties !—It was slight,
 Even as yon willow, and like its soft stem,
 Fell into thousand motions, and all lovely !
 But for her cheek,—look on those streaks of rose
 Tinting the white clouds o'er us ! Now and then
 A flush of deeper crimson lighting up
 Their wreaths, like wind-kiss'd lilies of the vale ;—
 And now and then a long, rich, ebon tinge,
 Floating between them !—There I think I see
 Still—though she's in her grave—the cheek I loved,
 With the dark tress that veil'd it. When I sat
 Beneath her eye, I felt its splendour on me
 Like a bright spell.—'Tis not the diamond's ray,
 Nor vespèr starlight, nor aught beautiful
 In that ascending sun, or in this world,
 Can bring me back its image ;—'twas a soul
 That has no portraiture on earth ; a beam
 As we have heard of angels, where no lips
 Are wanted to give utterance to the thought ;
 Her eye was radiant thought. Yet when her voice
 Spoke to me, or, at evening o'er her lute,
 Breathed some old melody, or closed the day
 With her due hymn to the Virgin, I have turn'd,
 Even from the glory of her eye, to weep,
 With sudden keenness of delight. Those tears,
 On earth, I weep no more.—She's in the grave !

THE FIELD OF GILBOA.

BY W. KNOX.

THE sun of the morning look'd forth from his throne,
And beam'd on the face of the dead and the dying;
For the yell of the strife like the thunder had flown,
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was press'd
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy—
Now the claws of the vulture were fix'd in his breast,
And the beak of the vulture was busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widow'd and sad,
Who yesterday went from her dwelling for ever;
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had
On the delicate limb that had ceased not to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the desolate child,
To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary,
And there came the maiden, all frantic and wild,
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort, that struggled in vain
To stem the red tide of a spouse that bereft her;
And there came the mother, that sunk 'mid the slain,
To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her.

O, bloody Gilboa! a curse ever lie
Where the king and his people were slaughter'd
together!
May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die,
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither.

TO A DEAR LITTLE BOY*,
AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I MISS thee from my side,
With thy merry eyes and blue ;
From thy crib at morning-tide,
Oft its curtains peeping through ;
In the kisses, not a few,
Thou wert wont to give me then ;
In thy sleepy, sad adieu,
When 'twas time for bed again !

I miss thee from my side
When the dinner bustle's o'er ;
When the orange I divide,
Or extract the apple's core ;
What avails my hoarded store
Of barley-sugar, comfits sweet ;
Thou art by my side no more ;
Vacant is thy wonted seat !

I miss thee from my side,
With thy query oft repeated ;
On thy rocking-horse astride,
Or beneath my table seated :—
Or when tired, and overheated,
With a summer day's delight,
Many a childish aim defeated,
Sleep hath overpower'd thee quite !

* Alaric Alfred Watts, aged three years and a half.

I miss thee from my side
When brisk Punch is at the door;—
Vainly pummels he his bride,—
Judy's wrongs can charm no more!
He may beat her till she's sore,
She may die, and he may flee;
Though I loved their squalls of yore,
What's the pageant now to me!

I miss thee from my side
When the light of day grows pale;
When, with eyelids open'd wide,
Thou wouldst list the oft-told tale,
And the murder'd babes bewail;—
Yet so greedy of thy pain,
That, when all my lore would fail,
I must needs begin again!

I miss thee from my side
In the haunts that late were thine;
Where thy twinkling feet would glide,
And thy clasping fingers twine;—
Here are chequer'd tumblers nine,—
Silent relics of thy play;—
Here the mimic tea-things shine,
Thou wouldst wash the livelong day!

Thy drum hangs on the wall;
Thy bird-organ's sounds are o'er:
Dogs and horses, great and small—
Wanting some a leg or more;
Cows and sheep—a motley store—
All are stabled 'neath thy bed;
And not one but can restore
Memories sweet of him that's fled!

I miss thee from my side,
Blithe cricket of my hearth !
Oft in secret have I sigh'd
For thy chirping voice of mirth :
When the low-born cares of earth
Chill my heart or dim my eye,
Grief is stifled in its birth,
If my little prattler's nigh !

I miss thee from my side,
With thy bright, ingenuous smile ;
With thy glance of infant pride,
And the face no tears defile ;—
Stay, and other hearts beguile,
Hearts that prize thee fondly too ;
I must spare thy pranks awhile ;—
Cricket of my hearth, adieu !

FRAGMENT.

BY MISS LANDON.

I KNOW but little of her history,
For feelings are veil'd records, which lie deep
Within the heart that beats with them. She was
Rich :—yon proud castle, with its ivied towers,
And this fair park, and yonder spreading woods,
Nature's old sanctuaries, were hers :—and young—
I think that twenty summers were the most
That she had number'd :—and, oh beautiful—
A creature like a memory for the heart ;—
Hair black as is the thunder-cloud—a lash
Yet blacker still, and soft large eyes, where light

And darkness met: the outline of her face
Was as a Grecian statue, but more sweet,
More feminine, from gentle smiles that seem'd
Its nature:—and her name was as a chord
That waken'd music—so much was she loved.

The last of all her race: one after one
Had died of strange and terrible disease,
The red insanity—and she at length
Was struck like all her house; her radiant eye
Lost its humanity; the fine clear brow
Was darken'd with a shadow; and her lip
Lost rose and smile together. She was sad,
Silent, and restless; and what time the moon
Fill'd her pale urn with golden light, vague fears
And unreal terrors haunted her scared nights,
And shadows seem'd to compass her, and sounds,
To which she made wild answers: other time
Pass'd away sad, but quiet; she would sit
For hours beside this fountain, while its flow,
Like music, calm'd and enter'd in her soul.
This did not last; she visibly declined;
Flush'd the rose hectic on her crimson cheek,
And her eyes fill'd with strange and passionate light,
As if they burnt themselves away. She died—
But peacefully: 'twas like an angry child,
Whose troubles end in sleep. She went to join
The pure fine spirit which I must believe
Had sought its heaven before.

STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

RIVER* that rollest by the ancient walls
 Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
 Walks by the brink, and there perchance recalls
 A faint and fleeting memory of me :

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
 A mirror of my heart, where she may read
 The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
 Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed ?

What do I say,—a mirror of my heart ?
 Are not thy waters sweeping, dark and strong ?
 Such as my feelings were and are, thou art ;
 And such as thou art, were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them, not for ever ;
 Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye ;
 Thy bosom overboils, congenial river !
 Thy floods subside ; and mine have sunk away—

But left long wrecks behind them, and again
 Borne on our old unchanged career, we move ;
 Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
 And I to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
 Her native walls, and murmur at her feet ;
 Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
 The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

* The Po.

She will look on thee ; I have look'd on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see,
Without the inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream ;
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now ;
Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow.

The wave that bears my tears returns no more :
Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep ?
Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore ;
I near thy source, she by the dark blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distraction of a various lot,
As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

My blood is all meridian ; were it not,
I had not left my clime ;—I shall not be,
In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love, at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
Live as I lived, and love as I have loved :
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
And then at least my heart can ne'er be moved.

ADDRESS

TO THE ALABASTER SARCOPHAGUS,

DEPOSITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY HORACE SMITH.

THOU alabaster relic ! while I hold
 My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,
 Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,
 Might'st thou relate the changes thou hast known;
 For thou wert primitive in thy formation,
 Launch'd from the Almighty's hand at the creation.

Yes—thou wert present when the stars and skies
 And worlds unnumber'd roll'd into their places ;
 When God from chaos bade the spheres arise,
 And fix'd the blazing sun upon its basis,
 And with his finger on the bounds of space
 Mark'd out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth
 Thou slept'st in darkness it were vain to ask,
 Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,
 And year by year pursued their patient task,
 Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,
 Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus !

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,
 Or David reign'd in holy Palestine,
 Some ancient Theban monarch was extended
 Beneath the lid of this emblazon'd shrine,
 And to that subterraneous palace borne
 Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes, from her hundred portals, fill'd the plain,
To see the car on which thou wert upheld.
What funeral pomps extended in thy train,
What banners waved, what mighty music swell'd,
As armies, priests, and crowds bewail'd in chorus,
Their King—their God—their Serapis—their Orus !

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust
Thee, and the lord of all the nations round,
Grim king of silence ! Monarch of the dust !
Embal'm'd, anointed, jewel'd, scepter'd, crown'd,
Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,
A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages roll'd ; but their dissolving breath
Could only blacken that imprison'd thing,
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,
As if it struggled still to be a king ;
And each dissolving century, like the last,
Just dropp'd its dust upon thy lid, and pass'd.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt pour'd
His devastating host—a motley crew ;
The steel-clad horseman,—the barbarian horde,—
Music and men of every sound and hue,—
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes,—
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyzes tear away
The ponderous rock that seal'd the sacred tomb ;
Then did the slowly penetrating ray
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,
And lower'd torches flash'd against thy side,
As Asia's king thy blazon'd trophies eyed.

Pluck'd from his grave, with sacrilegious taunt,
The features of the royal corse they scann'd ;
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt,
They tore the sceptre from his graspless hand ;

And on those fields, where once his will was law,
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,
Upclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill,
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast
Over its entrance a concealing rill ;
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep—
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramids nor sphynx
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni came ;
From the tomb's mouth unlink'd the granite links,
Gave thee again to light, and life, and fame,
And brought thee from the sands and deserts forth,
To charm the pallid children of the north !

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,
Was what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue ;
A scene by nature cursed,—by man disgraced.
Now—'tis the world's metropolis !—The high
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury !

Here, where I hold my hand, 'tis strange to think
What other hands, perchance, preceded mine ;
Others have also stood beside thy brink,
And vainly conn'd the moralizing line !
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touch'd this stone, like me,
Where are ye now ?—Where all must shortly be.

All is mutation ;—he within this stone
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour.
His bones are dust—his very name unknown !—
Go, learn from him the vanity of power ;
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul.

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

BY MISS LONDON.

Beauty should be around the beautiful,
 And these fine Arts live in an atmosphere
 Of light surrounded by thrice delicate shapes
 Of grace and love.

THE light came dim but beautiful, through blinds
 Of the link'd jessamine, which woo'd the vine
 With its white kisses; and the fragrant air,
 Bearing low music from the wind-touch'd harp,
 Came floating through the room. By glimpses seen,
 As o'er the lattices the moonlight play'd
 And lighted up its waters, shone the lake,
 With its white swans, like spirits, gliding on
 Its isles of floating lilies; and its banks,
 Where swept the graceful willows and the turf,
 Silver'd with dew and starlight spread beneath,
 Dotted with clumps of gloomy cypresses,
 Mix'd with the fairer blossom'd orange-trees.
 And far beyond, like shadowy thunder-clouds,
 Rose high but distant hills; and over all
 A soft and blue Italian sky,—the blue
 That painters and that poets love,—the blue
 The lover worships in the maiden's eyes,
 Whose beauty is their power and spell. And, like
 Sweet incense to sweet shrines, dew-scented flowers
 Fill'd up the casements; roses, on whose leaves
 The summer had just breathed; the buds of pearl
 That are the myrtle's dower; carnation stems,
 Rich in their perfumed blushes—all were there
 Looking and breathing June. The marble floor

Had not a spot, save two or three rich stains
Cast from the pictured roof, on which was told
The history of Aurora and her love,
The earthly youth she woo'd, and woo'd in vain.
Oh, love is very constant ! 'Tis most cold,
Untrue, and heartless raillery, to say
That love's life is not longer than those flowers
Whose sunrise beauty is by noontide past ;
That it should ever change, is but the curse
Shadowing our every earthly happiness ;
But, for one record of its fickleness
Are thousand memories of its deep, deep truth,—
Its entire faith, its self-devotedness.

On one side of the roof a golden blaze,
Curtain'd by crimson clouds, told that the Sun,
Heralded by her star, had met his bride,
The sweet young Morning ; and around, a ring
Of radiant shapes were gather'd ; in the midst
Was one, a very dream of loveliness,
Her hair stream'd on the wind, a shower of gold
Hung from a crown of stars, and four white steeds
Were harness'd by spring blossoms to the car
Whereon she stood. Her eye was on a youth,
Graceful as young Endymion, when the moon
Shed her pale smile upon his marble brow
And thick and raven curls : he stood beneath
A green beech-tree, two hounds were by his side,
Impatient of his idleness, while he
Leant on his useless spear, watching the sleep
Of his young bride. He had just heard his name
Murmur'd, in tones low as a bird's first song,
From her half-open'd lips, which like spring flowers
Drank the fresh air, then sigh'd it forth again
With added fragrance. There was shade around ;
The laurel, and the darker bay, the oak,
All sacred as the crowns of fame. The first

Bound round the poet's tuneful lyre ; the next
Around the warrior's helm, mix'd with the pine
And with the waving poplar. In the midst,
As in a favourite haunt, were flowers entwined ;
And there the sleeper lay : one pearl white hand—
The violets rose to kiss its azure veins,
Colour'd with their own purity, beneath
One cheek was as a pillow, and that one
Was flush'd with crimson, while the other wore
A tint less warm, but not less beautiful—
Two shades of blushing on the selfsame rose ;
And through the tremulous shadow of the leaves
Came two or three bright kisses from the sun,
Wandering in light o'er her white brow ; a shower
Of rose-leaves lay amid the raven curls
Of her long hair and on her neck. That morn
Around her slender waist and graceful head
She had bound new-blown buds. But all fair things
Are very fragile, and each scatter'd bloom
Had fallen from the loosen'd braid : even those
Prisoners in the soft hand, which lay like snow
Upon the grass, had half escaped ; and there
She slept amid the roses she had gather'd.

And round the walls were pictures : some, calm scenes
Of earth's green loveliness ; and some, whose hues
Were caught from faces in whose smile our life
Is one of Paradise ; and statues, whose white grace
Is as a dream of poetry. But, hung
Apart from all the rest, as if too dear
For aught but solitude, was one,—it was
The portrait of a lovely girl ; the lips
Were such as Summer kisses, when he first
Touches the pure and rosy mouth of Spring ;
A languid smile was on them, as just curl'd
By some soft thought, which spoke too in her eyes,
Dark and bewildering, with light like that

Of an Italian midnight, when the clouds
Send forth their summer lightning, but yet fill'd
With woman's tenderness. Those lips, those eyes,
Had been voluptuous, melting as they were,
But for the pale cheek, o'er which e'en a blush
Had scarcely pass'd, it look'd so innocent;
And the white brow, with its dark parted hair
Shading its purity; and the clear temples,
Whose blue veins were half hidden by the braids
Of the thick tresses, which, unfasten'd, fell
Over the veil'd bosom. The white dress
Just left the slender throat exposed, as fair,
As graceful, as the cygnet's. Neither gems
Nor gold marr'd youth's sweet simpleness; but one
Slight flower lay on her neck,—a green rosebud,
Tinged with faint promise of its future bloom;
And near it the young painter leant his head,
Bow'd, as in bitter thought, upon his hand;
Over his cheek there was a burning, red,
Half passionate emotion, half disease,—
And the damp lay on his white brow, and hung
On his thick curls of auburn hair; his eyes,
Blue as his native sky when it shines forth
Amid the pauses of an April shower,
Seem'd as they drank the moon's light, with such bright
And such wild glance they turn'd towards her ray.

He was a stranger in fair Italy:
He sought her kingdom, for it was a home
For genius and for beauty; it had been
His land of promise through the sunny dreams
Of his impassion'd boyhood; he had come
With a rich store of burning thoughts, of hopes
Like sunrise, vivid fancies, feelings wild,
High energies, all that young talent has;
And he had nourish'd them amid those shades
Hallow'd by memories of old, and still

Kept sacred by their own green pleasantness,—
Amid the glorious works of glorious men,—
Pictures alive with light, and stately domes
Built for eternity,—music like hope,
So very sweet,—and poetry, whose songs
Are Love's own words, until he dream'd that fame
Was a reality that he might win.
He dream'd but to awake with wither'd heart
And wasted health, and hopes like fallen stars,
Crush'd and stain'd with the earth to which they fell.

Oh Genius ! fling aside thy starry crown,
Close up thy rainbow wings, and on thy head
Heap dust and ashes—for, this cold drear world
Is but thy prison-house. Alas ! for him
Who has thy dangerous gifts, for they are like
The fatal ones that evil spirits give,—
Bright and bewildering, leading unto death !
Oh, not amid the chill and earthly cares
That waste our life, may those fine feelings live
That are the painter's or the poet's light.

Amid the many graves which in the shade
Of Rome's dark cypresses are graved with names
Of foreign sound to Italy's sweet tongue,
Was one,—an English name was on the stone ;—
There that young painter slept :—around the sod
Were planted flowers and one or two green shrubs.
'Twas said that they were placed in fondness there
By an Italian girl, whom he had loved !

TO A LADY.

BY LORD BYRON.

AND wilt thou weep when I am low ?
Sweet lady ! speak these words again ;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so ;
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast ;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine ;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

O, lady ! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one that cannot weep ;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eye no tear may steep.

Sweet lady ! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine ;
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet, wilt thou weep when I am low ?
Sweet lady ! speak these words again ;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

THOUGHT IN A BALL-ROOM.

THE room is like the heaven of eve,
 When round the' horizon seems to weave
 A sea of clouds, whose bosoms heave
 In floating beauty there.

Those fleecy phantoms—how they glide
 In all the quietude of pride,
 Moved by the gales of eventide
 Along the sleeping flowers.

Some, crimson-edged, resplendent sail,
 Some girdled with a ruby veil,
 And others glowing brightly pale,
 In plenitude of ease :

And so smiles now this rose-wreath'd room,
 Where float along in braid and plume,
 With cheeks that blush with virgin bloom,
 The maidens of the night.

And yonder trips a blue-eyed troop,
 Serenely tender, how they droop,
 As graceful as a lily group
 All languid with their bloom !

And near them glides a gentle pair,
 That toss their grape-like clustering hair,
 As if their very ringlets were
 Partakers of their joy.

Upon each cheek the blood-stream warms,
 While tintured with their Paphian charms,
 The maidens twine their ivory arms
 And circle through the dance.

Like sunshine shivering on the lake,
Their feet with dizzy motion shake,
And down the dance their steps they take,
With heart-beams in their eye.

Then why amid the heaven of joy
Should dreams of darkening woe annoy,
Or thoughts of gloominess alloy
The elysium of the hour?

Alas! the scene will swiftly fade,
The music cease—depart the maid,
And chill-eyed day the room invade
With cold condemning cares!

Some hearts will pine, and some will weep,
And many in their grave will sleep,
And every eye shall sorrow steep,
Ere we meet here again!

A thought like this will often swell
In gloom, upon each gladdening spell,
And thrill me, like the faint “farewell!”
In pleasure’s wildest hour.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS LONDON.

Do any thing but love; or, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him,—
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN OPPOSITE THE LURLEY, ON THE
RHINE.

BY BARRY ST. LEGER.

How strange and wild these sounds are ! oh, 'tis sweet
To breathe the name of one beloved, and hear
This countless Echo's magic voice repeat,
Bouncing from rock to rock, a note so dear !
Alone to hear it, too—lest it should meet,
So loved and sacred, an indifferent ear !
One would not have this cherish'd, heart-nursed tone
Received by any ear except one's own !

How soothing 'tis to sit upon the brink
Of this majestic river, and, among
These mighty crags, deliciously to drink
These our own echoes, as they float along
The answering rock !—well might the fisher think
Such sounds to be the water-spirit's song,
And fable a fair creature to give breath
To tones so sweet they even lured to Death !

Oh ! I could linger ages in this place
Of manifold enchantments !—the soft light,
Form'd by the meeting cliffs—around their base
The splendid stream—the tower which to the sight
Seems hung upon the mountain's beetling face—
—Oh ! who can view such scene without delight ?
'Tis one which rivets the retreating eye,
And which the full heart parts from with a sigh !

THE EXILE.

BY MISS BANNERMAN.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue,
 Ye seats of my childhood, for ever adieu !
 Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
 When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine ;
 But sacred to me is the roar of the wave
 That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave,
 Where blasts of the trumpet for battle combine,
 And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguiled,
 Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild ;
 For nature is nought to the eye of despair
 But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air :
 Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
 Ye shall bloom to the morn, though ye bloom not for
 me ;
 Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
 Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
 The bowers where the days of my happiness flew ;
 Where my soul found her partner, and thought to
 bestow
 The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe !
 Too faithful recorders of times that are past,
 The Eden of Love that was ever to last !
 Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
 And the young and the happy be worshippers still.
 To me ye are lost !—but your summits of green
 Shall charm through the distance of many a scene ;

In woe, and in wandering, 'mid deserts, return
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn !
Ye hills of my country ! farewell evermore,
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
I ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of
home.

PRAYER.

BY W. BECKFORD.

LIKE the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard :—Ah ! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain,—on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking
frame,
I turn to thee,—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name !

O all-pervading Spirit ! sacred beam !
Parent of life and light ! Eternal Power !
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour !

SONG

THE wine is red, the lamps are bright,
 And gems and jewels glance,
 Where ladies with their loves to-night
 Are mingling in the dance :
 But, ah ! the music's softest swells
 No gladness bring to me—
 The land of mists and heather-bells
 Is far beyond the sea !

I sought the grove where fire-flies gleam,
 'Mong rinds of red and gold,
 To banish from my mind the dream ;
 But still the days of old,
 The glens, the moors, the mountain-fells,
 Came back again to me ;—
 The land of mist and heather-bells,
 Beyond the northern sea.

This land is rich with all the hues
 And treasures of the spring ;
 Around my path, 'mongst moonlight dews,
 The ceaseless insects sing :
 But still my lingering spirit dwells
 With one who walk'd with me
 'Mong misty moors and heather-bells,
 Beyond the northern sea !

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON READING ROMEO
AND JULIET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Of love and sorrow, 'tis a peerless tale!—

Then press it softly to thy gentle breast ;
I'll share the fear that makes thy pure cheek pale ;

I'll guess the wish that may not be confess'd.
Unhappy pair!—And yet to them was given
That earthly joy which tasteth most of heaven.
Oh ! sweet and bitter, let our mix'd tears flow,
Where, on the grave of Love, the drooping violets grow.

To mortals there is given a fleeting life :—

A life!—Ah ! no ; a wild, vain, hurrying dream!—
A tempest of pride—passion—sin—and strife !

A deep, dark, restless, ever-foaming stream !
When fortune lifts us high, or sinks us low,
We feel the motion—know not where we go ;
Love only, like the oil upon the sea,
Gives to man's tossing soul repose and liberty.

'Tis true, that they who love are seldom born

To a smooth destiny.—Love buds in peace,
But foulest wizards in the air have sworn

To blast its beauty ere the leaves increase.
The lovers dare not look—fiends watch their eyes ;—
They dare not speak—fiends intercept their sighs ;—
A spell is on them—mute—o'ermastering ;
Dumb sorrow o'er them waves her dark, depressing
wing.

But let the faint heart yield him as he may,

Danger sits powerless on Love's steady breast ;
The lovers shrink not in the evil day ;—

They are afflicted—but are not oppress'd.

To die together, or victorious live—
That first and holiest vow, 'tis theirs to give ;
United !—Though in fetters—they are free !—
They care not though the grave their bridal bed
should be !

It may be, that if love's expanding flower
Is forced to close before the storm's keen breath,
That closing may protract the blooming hour,
Which is so short in all that suffers death.
The silence, and the sorrow, and the pain,
May nourish that which they attack in vain.
The lowly flame burns longest.—Humble sadness
Is kindlier to love's growth than free unvaried glad-
ness.

But oh ! how glorious shone their ruling star,
Which carried them with budding loves to heaven ;
Whom angels welcomed in bright realms afar,
With a full cup, which scarce to taste was given,
While any remnant of terrestrial sin
Had power to stain the holy draught within !
They died :—Young love stood by them calmly sigh-
ing,
And fann'd, with his soft wing, the terrors of their
dying.

Read not of Juliet, and her Romeo,
With tragic trembling, and uplifted hair ;
Be mild, fair maid, and gentle in thy woe,
As in their death were that most innocent pair.
Upon the tomb o' the Capulets there gleams
No torchlight—but a moon of tender beams.
Then hate not love, because a Juliet died,
But seek to sleep, like her, by a true lover's side.

ON A CHILD PLAYING.

SWEET bud, that by and by shall be a flower ;
 Young star, that just hath broken on our eye ;
 Pure spring, ere long to grow a stream of power ;
 First dawn of Hope, that soon shall flame out high
 Into the mid arch of the golden sky ;
 I love, young fawn, to see thee sport ; and yet
 Such contemplation breeds but vain regret.

Let the proud mother smile to see thy ways,
 And once again forget herself in thee ;—
 Let the proud father eke the mother's praise,
 But, graver, place thee fondly on his knee,
 And vainly prophesy what thou shalt be—
 Pleased with the tongueless eloquence, that lies
 Still silent, in thy clear blue laughing eyes.

Let them enjoy—whilst yet they can enjoy ;
 And, infant son of Time, do thou smile on,
 Deem not for aye to be the favourite boy ;
 Take what thou canst, or ere thy time is gone,
 For still the darling is the youngest son ;
 And thou shalt quickly sorrow sore to see
 Another, younger still, supplanting thee.

Though many a high presage be cast upon thee,—
 Though many a mouth be diligent to praise thee,—
 Though Beauty pine until that she hath won thee,—
 Though worship, wheresoe'er thou goest, delays
 thee,—
 Though Fate and Fortune emulate to raise thee,—
 Yet all the thronging honours that surround thee
 Shall not avail thee, since that care hath found thee.

Time's train is lacquey'd still by weariness;
What boots the crownlet of o'erflatter'd gold,
Or gemm'd tiara, if they cannot bless
Or sooth the aching brows that they enfold?
What boots it to wax honourably old,
If 'tis the end of every hope and vow,
To yearn to be again as thou art now?

Oh! 'tis a thriftless bargain of a life,
To live to know that bliss is but pretence—
That, gaining nothing in this earthly strife,
We only toil to forfeit innocence!—
The profit nothing, but remorse the expense!
Or that fond grief, that wearies of its state,
And pines for toys and gauds worn out of date.

Thou art an old pretender, gray-beard Age;
Thou boastest much, and yet art but a cheat;
And those who toil upon thy pilgrimage,
Would turn again with no unwilling feet:—
Yea, dewy clouds to evening are most meet.
If smiles be youth's, sure tears are age's sign,
As suns, that rise in smiles, in tears decline.

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
Or the sharp winter done thee harm?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm;
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feather'd child,
And tell us all thy pain and wrong
When thou canst speak again in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,—
We'll use thee kindly now,
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even *thou* shouldst know;
For kindness which the heart doth teach
Disdaineth all peculiar speech :

'Tis common to the bird, and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright,
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night,—
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung !

But hark ; is that a sound we hear
Come chirping from its throat,—
Faint—short—but weak, and very clear,
And like a little grateful note ?
Another ? ha—look where it lies,
It shivers—gasps—is still,—it dies !

'Tis dead—'tis dead ! and all our care
Is useless. Now, in vain
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again !
All's vain :—the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim,—its fortune told !

THE CONTRAST.

BY MISS LANDON.

And this is love ;
Can you then say that love is happiness ?

THERE were two portraits :—one was of a girl
Just blushing into woman ; it was not
A face of perfect beauty, but it had
A most bewildering smile,—there was a glance
Of such arch playfulness and innocence,
That as you look'd, a pleasant feeling came
Over the heart, as when you hear a sound
Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls
Were bound with roses, and her sparkling eyes
Gleam'd like Thalia's, when some quick device
Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step seem'd
Bounding upon the air, with all the life,
The buoyant life, of one untouch'd by sorrow.

There was another,—drawn in after years :—
The face was young still ; but its happy look
Was gone ; the cheek had lost its colour, and
The lip its smile ;—the light that once had play'd
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quench'd and dim,
For tears had wasted it ; her long dark hair
Floated upon her forehead, in loose waves,
Unbraided ; and upon her pale thin hand
Her head was bent, as if in pain ;—no trace
Was left of that sweet gaiety which once
Seem'd as if grief could darken not,—as care
Would pass and leave behind no memory.—
There was one whom she loved undoubtingly,

As youth will ever love,—he sought her smile,
 And said most gentle things, although he knew
 Another had his vows.—Oh! there are some
 Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
 The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom it is
 A triumph that a fond devoted heart
 Is breaking for them,—who can bear to call
 Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them!
 Affections trampled on, and hopes destroy'd,
 Tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs
 That waste the breath of life,—these all were hers
 Whose image is before me. She had given
 Life's hope to a most fragile bark,—to love!
 'Twas wreck'd—wreck'd by love's treachery! She
 knew,
 Yet spoke not of his falsehood; but the charm
 That bound her to existence was dispell'd.—
 Her days were number'd :—She is sleeping now.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Si j'avais placé ma tête dans le ciel, à l'abri des affections orageuses,
 je ne serais pas brisée avant le temps.—CORINNE.*

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
 Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here?
 Wherefore by the fountain's brink
 Doth thy royal pinion sink?
 Wherefore on the violets' bed
 Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
 Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
 Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?
—Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
—Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

THE SILLER CROWN.

BY THE HONOURABLE MISS STUART.

O ! YE shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare,
If ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think of Donald mair !

Ah ! wha wou'd buy a silken gown
With a poor broken heart ?
And what's to me a siller crown,
Gin frae my lad I part !

The mind whose every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me ;
And ere I'm forced to break my aith,
I'll lay me down and dee !

For, I have pled'g my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
With a' its virtues rare !

His gentle manners won my heart,
He, grateful, took the gift ;
And should I gang to seek it back,
It wou'd be waur than theft !

For, langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me ;
And ere I'm forced to break my aith,
I'll lay me down and dee !

I THINK OF THEE.

BY D. M. MOIR.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming,
 Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
 Where, past the eddying stream is foaming
 Beneath its tiny cataract,—
 Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh !

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in the light the fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew,—
 Then be thou melancholy too,
 When musing on the hours I proved
 With thee, beloved !

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear,
 And soft the woodland songs are swelling,
 A choral anthem on thine ear,—
 Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
 And then her flight remembrance brings
 To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest,
 In every scene—by day, by night—
 Thou present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star for ever bright !
 My solitary, sole delight !
 Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
 I think of thee !

TO A DYING INFANT.

BY MISS BOWLES.

SLEEP, little baby ! sleep !
 Not in thy cradle bed,
 Not on thy mother's breast
 Henceforth shall be thy rest,
 But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
 Baby, thy rest shall be !
 Oh ! many a weary wight,
 Weary of life and light,
 Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling !
 Flee to thy grassy nest ;
 There the first flowers shall blow,
 The first pure flake of snow
 Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace ! peace ! The little bosom
 Labours with shortening breath :—
 Peace ! peace ! That tremulous sigh
 Speaks his departure nigh !—
 Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
 A thing all health and glee ;
 But never then wert thou
 So beautiful, as now,
 Baby, thou seem'st to me !

Thine up-turn'd eyes glazed over,
Like hare-bells wet with dew ;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half-open—
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if, like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves, there
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit, haste, depart !—
And is this death ?—Dread thing !—
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face :
So passionless, so pure !—
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling place.

Thou weapest, childless mother !
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart ;—
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,—
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then, waken'd with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !

And then to lie and weep,
And think the livelong night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight ;

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,—
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother !
In after years, look back
(Time brings such wondrous easing),
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.—

Thou'lt say—" My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go !
And yet, for thee, I know,
 'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untask'd, untried ;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
 And thou art sanctified !

" I look around, and see
The evil ways of men ;
And, oh ! beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
 To thy departure then.

" The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that press'd,—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
 I lull'd thee on my breast ?

" Now, like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove !
Safe with the Source of Love,
 The Everlasting One.

" And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me."

STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

ACROSS the waves—away and far,
My spirit turns to thee ;
I love thee as men love a star,
The brightest where a thousand are,
Sadly and silently ;
With love unstain'd by hopes or fears,
Too deep for words, too pure for tears !

My heart is tutor'd not to weep ;
Calm, like the calm of even,
Where grief lies hush'd, but not asleep,
Hallows the hours I love to keep
For only thee and heaven ;
Too far and fair to aid the birth
Of thoughts that have a taint of earth !

And yet the days for ever gone,
When thou wert as a bird,
Living 'mid flowers and leaves alone,
And singing in so soft a tone
As I never since have heard,
Will make me grieve that birds, and things
So beautiful, have ever wings !

And there are hours in the lonely night,
When I seem to hear thy calls,
Faint as the echoes of far delight,
And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight
Of distant waterfalls ;—
And then my vow is hard to keep,
For it were a joy, indeed, to weep !

For I feel, as men feel when moonlight falls
Amid old cathedral aisles ;
Or the wind plays sadly along the walls
Of lonely and forsaken halls,
That we knew in their day of smiles ;
Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,
A tune he had learn'd in his mother's bowers.

But I may not, and I dare not weep,
Lest the vision pass away,
And the vigils that I love to keep
Be broken up by the fever'd sleep
That leaves me—with the day—
Like one who has travell'd far to the spot
Where his home should be—and finds it not !

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers,
Rise pleasant thoughts to me ;
For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers,
That thy spirit has come, in those silent hours,
To meet me over the sea ;
And I feel, in my soul, the fadeless truth
Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams,—whose quiet tone
Is unheard in the garish day,
That utter a music all their own,
When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon
Looks out to hear them play,—
I knew not half thy gentle worth,
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again !—
And I would have it so ;
For, they tell me that the cloud of pain
Has flung its shadow o'er thy brain,
And touch'd thy looks with woe ;

And I have heard that storm and shower
Have dimm'd thy loveliness, my flower !

I would not look upon thy tears,—
For I have thee in my heart,
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years
When we were, both, too young for fears
That we should ever part ;
And I would not aught should mar the spell,
The picture nursed so long and well !

I love to think on thee, as one
With whom the strife is o'er ;
And feel that I am journeying on,
Wasted, and weary, and alone,
To join thee on that shore
Where thou—I know—wilt look for me,
And I, for ever, be with thee !

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LONELY BURIAL GROUND ON THE
NORTHERN COAST OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

How mournfully this burial ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves !
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer ;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,

'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.
The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguish'd kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known
Hath moulder'd with the mouldering stone.
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer-twilight old ;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here,
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell,
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace !
But death has chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign !
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For Hope with Memory seems fled !

Wild-screaming bird ! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,

Slow-floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steep'd in woe !
Here, they who perish'd on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep,
For ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie,—
'Tis the shipwreck'd seaman's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwreck'd before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home bound, here have met the blast
That wreck'd them on death's shore at last !
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified,—
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here, many a creature, moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,—
All flung like sea-weeds to the land ;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dash'd at once in all their pride.
And here, the bright-hair'd, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep ;

While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale, cold face !

O, I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes !
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore ;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey !

And lo ! a white-wing'd vessel sails
In sunshine, gathering all the gales
Fast-freshening from yon isle of pines,
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
All smear'd with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue-swollen lip !
Then gazing on the sunny ship,
And listening to the gladsome cheers
Of all her thoughtless mariners,
I seem to hear in every breath
The hollow under-tones of Death,
Who, all unheard by those who sing,
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
And points with his lean bony hand
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
Till on some moonless night of woe
He drives her shivering from the steep
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THE tale I tell was told me long ago ;
 Yet mirthful ones, since heard, have pass'd away,
 While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,
 And feelings fresh as those of yesterday :
 'Twas told me by a man whose hairs were gray,
 Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,
 Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway
 Maintain'd that lingering spell which age endears,
 And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with tears.

But not with tears of sorrow ;—for the eye
 Is often wet with joy and gratitude ;
 And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh,
 Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued :
 Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,
 Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair
 light ;
 But meek submission soon her power renew'd,
 And patient smiles, by tears but made more bright,
 Confess'd that God's decree was wise, and good, and
 right.

It was a winter's evening ;—clear, but still :
 Bright was the fire, and bright the silvery beam
 Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill,
 And parlour-floor ;—the softly mingled gleam
 Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme
 Of pensive converse, unallied to gloom ;
 Ours varied like the subjects of a dream ;
 And turn'd, at last, upon the silent tomb,
 Earth's goal for hoary age, and beauty's smiling bloom.

We talk'd of life's last hour,—the varied forms
And features it assumes;—how some men die
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms,
And starless night; others whose evening sky
Resembles those which to the outward eye
Seem full of promise:—and with soften'd tone,
At seasons check'd by no ungrateful sigh,
The death of one sweet grand-child of his own
Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child
As ever parent could desire to see,
Or seeing, fondly love; of manners mild,
Affections gentle,—even in her glee,
Her very mirth from levity was free;
But her more common mood of mind was one
Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she
In ten brief years her little course had run,—
Many more brief have known, but brighter surely
none.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,
Yet those who knew her better, best could tell
How calmly happy, and how meekly glad
Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell:
Like to the waters of some crystal well,
In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,
Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell
Glimpses of light more glorious and serene
Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her
mien.

But, though no boisterous playmate, her fond smile,
Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth;
Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the
while
Betray'd of childish sympathies no dearth:

She loved the wild flowers scatter'd over earth,
Bright insects sporting in the light of day,
Blithe songsters giving joyous music birth
In groves impervious to the noontide ray;—
All these she loved as much as those who seem'd
more gay.

Yet more she loved the word, the smile, the look,
Of those who rear'd her with religious care;
With fearful joy she conn'd that holy book,
At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,
In which her weal immortal had its share,
Recurr'd to memory; for she had been train'd,
Young as she was, her early cross to bear;
And taught to love, with fervency unfeign'd,
The record of His life whose death salvation gain'd.

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,
On every charm and grace of this fair maid;
For in his narrative the story's end
Was long with fond prolixity delay'd;
Though rightly fancy had its close portray'd
Before I heard it. Who but might have guess'd
That one so ripe for heaven would early fade
In this brief state of trouble and unrest;
Yet only wither here to bloom in life more bless'd?

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief;
I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,
Nor stop to paint it, slowly, leaf by leaf,
Fading, and sinking towards its parent clay:
She sank, as sinks the glorious orb of day,
His glories brightening at his journey's close;
Yet with that chasten'd, soft, and gentle ray
In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,
But on whose mellow'd light our eyes with joy
repose.

Her strength was failing, but it seem'd to sink
So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear;
'Twas like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,
Which breaks in dying music on the ear,
And placid beauty on the eye;—no tear,
Except of quiet joy, in hers was known;
Though some there were around her justly dear,
Her love for whom in every look was shown,
Yet more and more she sought and loved to be alone.

One summer morn they miss'd her:—she had been,
As usual, to the garden arbour brought,
After their morning meal; her placid mien
Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought,
Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness was fraught;
And she was left amid that peaceful scene
A little space;—but when she there was sought,
In her secluded oratory green,
Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy screen!

They found her in her chamber, by the bed
Whence she had risen, and on the bedside chair,
Before her, was an open bible spread;
Herself upon her knees;—with tender care
They stole on her devotions, when the air
Of her meek countenance the truth made known:
The child had died! died in the act of prayer!
And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,
To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had
flown.

TO THE MOON.

BY MISS JANE TAYLOR.

WHAT is it that gives thee, mild queen of the night,
 That secret intelligent grace?
 And why should I gaze with such pensive delight
 On thy fair,—but insensible face?

What gentle enchantment possesses thy beam,
 Beyond the warm sunshine of day?
 Thy bosom is cold as the glittering stream
 Where dances thy tremulous ray!

Canst thou the sad heart of its sorrows beguile!
 Or grief's fond indulgence suspend?
 Yet, where is the mourner but welcomes thy smile,
 And loves thee—almost as a friend!

The tear that looks bright, in thy beam, as it flows,
 Unmoved dost thou ever behold;—
 The sorrow that loves in thy light to repose,
 To thee, oft, in vain, hath been told!

Yet soothing thou art, and for ever I find,
 Whilst watching thy gentle retreat,
 A moonlight composure steal over my mind,
 Poetical—pensive, and sweet!

I think of the years that for ever have fled;—
 Of follies—by others forgot;—
 Of joys that are vanish'd—and hopes that are dead;
 And of friendships that *were*—and *are not*!

I think of the future, still gazing the while,
As though thou'dst those secrets reveal;
But ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging smile,
To answer the mournful appeal.

Thy beams, which so bright through my casement
appear,
To far distant regions extend;
Illumine the dwellings of those that are dear,
And sleep on the grave of a friend.

Then still must I love thee, mild queen of the night!
Since feeling and fancy agree,
To make thee a source of unfailing delight,
A friend and a solace to me!

THE LAST DAY.

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD.

HARK! Heard ye not that deep, appalling sound?
Tremble! for lo! the vex'd affrighted ground
Heaves strong in dread convulsion,—streams of fire
Burst from the 'vengeful sky—a voice of ire
Proclaims, “Ye guilty, wait your final doom:
No more the silent refuge of the tomb
Shall screen your crimes, your frailties.” Conscience
reigns,—
Earth needs no other sceptre;—what remains
Beyond her fated limits, dare not tell;—
Eternal Justice! Judgment! Heaven! Hell!

AN EVENING IN SPRING.

THE glorious Heaven its golden tinting throws
 On young flowers fill'd with dew ;
 The vernal landscape's trembling image glows
 Through waves of clearest blue.

The mountain streamlet, — the bright-blossom'd
 hedge,—
 Woods bathed in sunlight streams,—
 The evening star, that on the purple edge
 Of yonder soft cloud beams ;—

The meadow green,—the shrubby valley cool,—
 The hill with verdure clad,—
 The alder-shadow'd brook,—the liliated pool,—
 All, all are fair and glad.

Oh ! how encircleth everlasting Love
 Creation with its band !
 The glowworm's light,—yon fiery orbs above,—
 Are kindled by *one* hand.

At thy command, Almighty ! from its place
 Drops the frail leaflet here :
 At thy command, through realms of boundless space,
 Is hurl'd the falling sphere.

L——X C.

AYMER'S TOMB.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
 A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
 Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown,
 From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
 Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
 Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoofs tread
 In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
 As chieftains pass'd; and solemnly the swell
 Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
 Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,
 Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
 Wore man's mute anguish sternly; but of ONE,
 Oh! who shall speak?—what words his brow unveil?
 A father following to the grave his son!—
 That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
 Through the wood-shadows, moved the knightly train,
 With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low,
 Fair even when found, amidst the bloody slain,
 Stretch'd by a broken lance. They reach'd the lone
 Baronial chapel, where the forest gloom
 Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
 Into high archways, as to vault the tomb.
 Stately they trod the hollow ringing aisle,
 A strange deep echo shudder'd through the pile,
 Till crested heads, at last, in silence bent
 Round the De Couci's antique monument,
 When dust to dust was given; and Aymer slept
 Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
 Whose broider'd folds the Syrian wind had swept
 Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine;

So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave,
And the pale image of a youth array'd
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
In slumber on his shield. Then all was done,
All still around the dead. His name was heard
Perchance when wine-cups flow'd, and hearts were
stirr'd

By some old song, or tale of battle won,
Told round the hearth ; but in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and press'd
On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ;
And, with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side.
Alas, to think of this !—the heart's void place
Fill'd up so soon !—so like a summer cloud,
All that we loved to pass, and leave no trace !

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

AWAKE, my love ! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray ;
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew ;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs ;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes, and clasp'd her shoon,
And from her home by Preston-burn
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropp'd, now loud, now hush—
The goldspink answer'd from the bush—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery gray,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon carolling lark?
Takest thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove,
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

FROM THE ARABIC.

THE morn that usher'd thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled!
When summon'd hence to thy eternal sleep,
Oh mayst thou smile, whilst all around thee weep.

A. A. W.

THE RED FISHERMAN.

BY W. M. PRAED.

Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE abbot arose, and closed his book,
 And donn'd his sandal shoon,
 And wander'd forth, alone, to look
 Upon the summer moon :
 A starlight sky was o'er his head,
 A quiet breeze around ;
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
 And the waves a soothing sound :
 It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
 But love and calm delight ;
 Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
 On his wrinkled brow that night.
 He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
 But he thought not of the reeds :
 He clasp'd his gilded rosary,
 But he did not tell the beads :
 If he look'd to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
 The Spirit that dwelleth there ;
 If he open'd his lips, the words they spoke
 Had never the tone of prayer.
 A pious priest might the abbot seem,
 He had sway'd the crosier well ;
 But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,
 The abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
 He traced the windings of the shore.—

Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!
But the abbot was thinking of scenery,
 About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
 Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
 Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
 Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
 To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
 Unchanged, and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away,
 The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay,
 And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
 Were venemous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
 Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
 As ever a Company pump'd;
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
 Grew rotten while it jump'd:
And bold was he who thither came,
 At midnight, man or boy;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
 And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree :
When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—
Was it a song, or was it a moan ?

“ Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !

Above, below !—

Lightly and brightly they glide and go :
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy !”
In a monstrous fright, by the marky light,
He look'd to the left, and he look'd to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run :
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legg'd stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod ;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;
His arms and his legs were long and bare ;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double ;
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivel'd that tawny skin,
Till it hardly cover'd the bones within.

The line the abbot saw him throw,
Had been fashion'd and form'd long ages ago :
And the hands that work'd his foreign vest,
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :
You would have sworn, as you look'd on them,
He had fish'd in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—
It seem'd not such to the abbot's eye :
Gaily it glitter'd with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fasten'd a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within, and a chain without ;
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizz'd as it tumbled in !

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth ;
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel ;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echo'd from the dungeon stone ;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony !

Cold by this was the midnight air ;
But the abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster ;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camp'd that night on Bosworth plain,
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster !

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent abbot knew full well
The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guess'd the very wood,
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company;
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!
Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat;
And the priest was ready to vomit,
When he haul'd out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the abbot turn'd away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,

And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours roll'd,
That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deem'd his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seem'd dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smother'd sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales :
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords,
Into passion's thrilling words :

“ Smile, lady, smile !—I will not set,
Upon my brow, the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white,
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile !—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine,
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile !—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin ?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still ?”

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair ;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
“ Ah, ha !” said the fisher, in merry guise,
“ Her gallant was hook'd before ;”
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside ;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was press'd from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre !
From top to toe the abbot shook,
As the fisherman arm'd his golden hook ;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream, or waken'd thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are crack'd, and the jaws are dry,
With the thirst which only in death shall die :
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numb'd the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :
Wilder far was the abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the abbot's trance :
Fix'd as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;
But he sign'd,—he knew not why or how,—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalk'd away with his iron box.

“ Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !

The cock doth crow ;

It is time for the fisher to rise and go.

Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine !
He hath gnaw'd in twain my choicest line ;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
'The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !'

The abbot had preach'd for many years,
 With as clear articulation,
As ever was heard in the House of Peers,
 Against Emancipation ;
His words had made battalions quake,
 Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;
He kept the court an hour awake,
 And the king himself three-quarters :
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
 He stammer'd and he stutter'd,
As if an axe went through his head,
 With every word he utter'd.
He stutter'd o'er blessing, he stutter'd o'er ban,
 He stutter'd, drunk or dry ;
And none but he and the fisherman
 Could tell the reason why !

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

ALL men are dreamers ; from the hour
When reason first exerts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling—
 That hope's a dream !

The brazen trumpet's clangour gives
The joy on which the warrior lives ;
And at his injured country's call
He leaves his home, his friends, his all,
 For glory's dream !

The lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh ;
But brightest eyes are deep in guile,
And he who trusts their fickle smile,
Trusts in a dream !

The poet, Nature's darling child,
By Fame's all-dazzling star beguiled ;
Sings Love's alternate hope and fear,
Paints visions which his heart holds dear—
And thus he dreams !

And there are those who build their joys
On proud Ambition's gilded toys,
Who fain would climb the craggy height,
Where power displays its splendid light—
But dreaming fall !

While others, 'mid the giddy throng
Of Pleasure's victims, sweep along ;
Till feelings damp'd and satiate hearts,
Too worn to feel when bliss departs,
Prove all a dream !

And when that chilly call of fear,
Death's mandate, hurtles in the ear ;
We find, would we retrace the past,
E'en Life at best, now fading fast—
Is all a dream !

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THOUGH ages long have pass'd,
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravel'd seas to roam,
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of Heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
 While these with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 And from rock to rock repeat,
 Round our coast!

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between, let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
 Yet still from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,—
 More audible than speech,
We are one!

AN EVENING WALK AT CROMER.

BY MRS. OPIE.

HAIL, scene sublime ! along the eastern hills
 Night draws her veil, and lo ! the circling lamp
 That guides the vessel through the ambush'd rocks,
 Hangs in bright contrast on her dusky brow,
 And smiles away its gloom.—See from the west,
 A branching stream of silver radiance flows
 On Ocean's bosom, till it emulates
 The trembling lustre of the milky way ;
 While the dark cliffs projecting o'er the waves,
 And frowning (Fancy whispers), envious seem
 Of the soft light they share not. In the south,
 The star of evening sheds her pallid rays ;
 While from the humble cottages that skirt
 Yon hill's uneven side, lights redly shine,
 Contrasting art with nature, and fill up
 The chain of objects that leads captive sight,
 And to the shrine of meditation draws
 The wanderer's soul.—But hark ! the awaken'd owl
 Majestic, slow, on sounding wing sails by,
 And, roused to active life, enjoys the hour
 That gives his winking eyelids leave to rest,
 While his bright eye, dim in day's dazzling light,
 Now into distance shoots its beams, and guides
 The unwieldy spoiler to his creeping prey,
 Which having seized, again on murmuring wing
 He cleaves the tranquil air, and to his nest
 Proudly bears home the feast he toil'd to gain ;
 Then from the bosom of some thick-wove tree
 Breathes in dull note his votive strain to Night,
 Friend of his daring, season of his joy.

Here could I stay, now listening, gazing now,
 Till all that crowded, busy life can give

Sunk from my view, lost in the splendid vast
Of nature's pure magnificence, that still
Will shine and charm for ages. Fashion's hand,
Which, in the world's gay scenes omnipotent,
Makes and destroys, and the same object bids
Delight one moment, and disgust the next,
Here can no influence boast; but here true taste,
To fashion rarely known, enamour'd roves,
And rapt, becomes devotion, while the tear
Steals the flush'd cheek adown, as on the rose
Glitters the dewdrop. Hail, again, bright scene!
On the moist gale of eve shall I breathe forth
The song of praise to thee, responsive still
To ocean's solemn roar? or shall I stand,
In sacred silence bound, devotion's friend,
And, listening, let my eager ear drink in
The distant, mingling sounds that fancy loves,
Till every thought's thanksgiving, and the lips
Can only murmur praise? And lo! my lips
In utterance fail, and, Silence, I am thine.

TO MONT BLANC.

MOUNTAIN,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers
Transcendently, and from that massive crown
Of arrowy brightness darrest down thy beams
Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail!
Unto the souls in hallow'd musing rapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the invisible,
The ethereal, the eternal, thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, though many a weary league
Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil

Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
In vastness almost tangible; thy smooth
And bold convexity of silent snows
Raised on the still and dark blue firmament!

Mountain,—Thou image of eternity!—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrain'd aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste!—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturb'd above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite! Hath he won his way,
That young investigator? Yes; but now,
Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion; the wide scene is dim;
Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
Deep rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
And blessed sunlight, in his dying eye
Float dubious; and 'tis midnight at his heart!

Mountain,—That firm and ardent Genevese,
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
Bounded across thine ice-rents, who disdain'd
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And through a labyrinth of crystal rocks
Press'd his untired ascent, e'en he, and all
His iron band of native mountaineers,
While scaling the aerial cupola
Of Nature's Temple, own'd a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel roamings. True, his zealous mind
Achieved its philosophic aim, and mark'd

And measured thee ; but turn'd to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.

Mountain,—The sons of science or of taste
Need not essay such triumph. 'Tis more wise
And happier—till a fiery chariot wait,—
To scan from lesser lights thy glorious whole ;
To climb above the deep though lofty plain
That wrongs thee ; pass its line of envious peaks,
And station'd at thy cross, sublime Flegere !
Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur ; while
His host of subject hills are spread beneath ;
For scarce, till then, his own colossal might
Seems disenthral'd ; and mute astonishment,
Unquench'd by doubt or dread, at each new step,
Shall own his aspect more celestial still.
There, in some hollow nook reclining, whence
The bright-eyed chamois sprang ; with tufted bells
Of rhododendron blushing at my feet ;
The unprofaned recess of Alpine life
Were all my world that hour ; and the vast mount
In his lone majesty would picture heaven.

Bright mountain,—Ah ! but volumed clouds enwrap
Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steeps,
And, rising as the orb of day declines,
Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,
Then thy whole self involve—save, haply, when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and show
Thee not unstable, like the earthborn cloud,
Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then, as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumber'd hills, o'er that high zone
Of gather'd vapour thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,

Clear as the morning, still as the midnight,
More beautiful than noon ; for lo ! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming :—Mountain, thou art half divine !
Sever'd from earth ! Irradiate from heaven !

Thus e'en the taught of heaven, with joyless eye
Fix'd on the sable clouds which fear hath cast
O'er all the landscape of his destiny,
May fail to pierce them ; but, though legion'd shapes
Of nether evil, though the deep array
Of stern adversities, and murky hosts
Of dark illusions blot his upper skies,
Yet, as they change, through that incumbent gloom
Shall he catch glimpses of the hallow'd mount,
And weep that heaven is bright.—And at the hour
Of stillness, when e'en frightful shadows fade,
When night seems closing o'er his latest hopes,
And his sun set for ever,—then, behold,
Emerging in mid heaven, thy glistening top,
Oh, Zion ! and the God that ruled his day
Hath not departed ; for he poureth now
His radiance on thy summits, glancing back
A thrilling flood into his servant's soul !
“ Joy full of glory ! ”—Was the noonday dark ?
It was ;—but eve is cloudless ; night is peace ;
Rapture shall gild the never-ending morn !

TO MARY.

BY B. W. PROCTER.

HERE'S a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee ;
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone,
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free,
And a few as fair ;
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye ;
And I've call'd on thy name
When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee,
And at set of sun,
When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

GENEVIEVE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O LEAVE the lily on its stem,
O leave the rose upon the spray,
O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids,
And listen to my lay.

A cypress and a myrtle bough
This morn around my harp you twined,
Because it fashion'd mournfully
Its murmurs in the wind.

And now a tale of love and woe,
A woful tale of love I sing;
Hark, gentle maidens, hark! it sighs,
And trembles on the string.

But most, my own dear Genevieve,
It sighs and trembles most for thee!
O come and hear what cruel wrongs
Befell the dark Ladie.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that made her grieve.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

O ever in my waking dreams
I dwell upon that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I sat,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve.

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my harp,
Amid the lingering light.

I play'd a sad and doleful air,
I sung an old and moving story;
An old rude song, that fitted well
The ruins wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight who wore
Upon his shield a burning brand!
And how for ten long years he woo'd
The Ladie of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah,
The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
In which I told another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn,
That crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

And how he cross'd the woodman's path,
Through briers and swampy mosses beat,
How boughs, rebounding, scourged his limbs,
And low stubs gored his feet :

How sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a lawless band,
And saved, from outrage worse than death,
The Ladie of the land.

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And meekly strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain :

And how she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When, on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay :

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice, and pausing harp,
Disturb'd her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long :

She wept with pity and delight—
She blush'd with love and maiden shame,
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

I saw her bosom heave and swell,
Heave and swell with inward sighs—
I could not choose but love to see
Her gentle bosom rise.

Her wet cheek glow'd, she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd,
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She flew to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms —
She press'd me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see
The swelling of her heart !

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride !

And now once more a tale of woe,
A woful tale of love I sing,
For thee, my Genevieve ! it sighs
And trembles on the string.

When last I sang the cruel scorn
That crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And how he roam'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night :

I promised thee a sister-tale
Of man's perfidious cruelty ;
Come, then, and hear what cruel wrong
Befell the dark Ladie.

ODE.

BY LORD BYRON.

OH, shame to thee, land of the Gaul !
 Oh, shame to thy children and thee !
 Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
 How wretched thy portion shall be !
 Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
 A mockery that never shall die ;
 The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn
 Shall burthen the winds of thy sky ;
 And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd
 The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

Oh, where is thy spirit of yore,
 The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
 When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
 And honour the passion that led !
 Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep ;
 They groan from the place of their rest,
 And wrathfully murmur, and sullenly weep,
 To see the foul stain on thy breast ;
 For where is the glory they left thee in trust ?—
 'Tis scatter'd in darkness. 'Tis trampled in dust !

Go look through the kingdoms of earth,
 From Indus all round to the Pole,
 And something of goodness, of honour, and worth,
 Shall brighten the sins of the soul ;
 But thou art *alone* in thy shame !
 The world cannot liken thee there ;
 Abhorrence and vice have disfigured thy name
 Beyond the low reach of compare ;
 Stupendous in guilt, thou shalt lend us, through time,
 A proverb, a by-word, for treachery and crime.

While conquest illumined his sword,
 While yet in his prowess he stood,
 Thy praises still follow'd the steps of thy lord,
 And welcomed the torrent of blood ;
 Though tyranny sat on his crown,
 And wither'd the nations afar,
 Yet bright in thy view was that despot's renown,
 Till fortune deserted his car ;
Then, back from the chieftain thou slunkest away—
 The foremost to insult, the first to betray.

Forgot were the feats he had done,
 The toils he had borne in thy cause ;
 Thou turnedst to worship a new rising sun,
 And to waft other songs of applause ;
 But the storm was beginning to lour,—
 Adversity clouded his beam ;
 Then honour and faith were the boast of an hour,
 And loyalty's self but a dream ;
 To him thou hadst banish'd thy vows were restored,
 And the first that had scoff'd were the first that adored.

What tumult thus burthens the air ?
 What throng thus encircles his throne ?
 'Tis the shout of delight;—'tis the millions that swear
 His sceptre shall rule them alone.
 Reverses shall brighten their zeal ;
 Misfortune shall hallow his name ;
 And the world that pursues him shall mournfully feel
 How quenchless the spirit and flame
 That Frenchmen will breathe when their hearts are on
 fire,
 For the hero they love, and the chief they admire.

Their hero has rush'd to the field,
 His laurels are cover'd with shade,—
 But where is the spirit that never should yield,
 The loyalty never to fade ?

In a moment desertion and guile
Abandon'd him up to the foe;
The dastards that flourish'd and grew in his smile,
Forsook and renounced him in woe;
And the millions that swore they would perish to save,
Behold him a fugitive, captive, and slave.

The savage, all wild in his glen,
Is nobler and better than thou!
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men!
Such perfidy blackens thy brow.
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever;
And thinking of thee, in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul!
Oh, shame to thy children and thee!
Unwise in thy glory and base in thy fall,
How wretched thy portion shall be!
Derision shall strike thee forlorn,
A mockery that never shall die:
The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn
Shall burthen the winds of thy sky;
And proud o'er thy ruin for ever be hurl'd
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world.

ON
RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON
WHICH FLOWERED IN DECEMBER.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

BY MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

ODOURS of spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature,
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
To tell of brighter hours—
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas ! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore ;
These eyes, that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last !
Beloved friends, adieu !
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But, oh ! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,
That soul which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife,
Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp,
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark !
Thus mortally oppress'd ?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
And bid thy terrors rest :
Forget, forego thine earthly part,
Thy heavenly being trust :—
Ah, vain attempt ! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye ! who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer :—
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear ;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed),
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteem'd, beloved,
My last sad claim receive !
Oh ! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults ;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CHURCHYARD.

O STRANGER ! let no ill-timed tear
 Be shed for those who slumber here ;
 But, rather envy them the sleep
 From which they ne'er can wake to weep !

Why mourn ?—since freed from human ill,
 The throbbing bosom cold and still !
 Why mourn—since death presents us peace,
 And in the grave our sorrows cease ?

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds
 Here her last anchor drops, and finds—
 Safe, where life's storms no more molest—
 A haven of untroubled rest !

Then, stranger !—let no ill-timed tear
 Be shed for those who slumber here ;
 But, rather envy them the sleep
 From which they ne'er can wake—to weep !

Yet oh ! if thou hast learnt to scan,
 With feeling eye the fate of man ;
 Go weep for those still doom'd to sorrow—
 Who mourn the past !—nor hope the morrow !

For those, whose tears must ceaseless flow !—
 Whose round of pain each morn renew ;
 Who—if they dream—but dream of woe,
 And wake to find their visions true.

THE RETURN.

I came to the place of my birth and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" and an echo made answer, "Where are they?"

THE friends with whom in youth I roved these wood-
land shades among,
Have ceased their kindly sympathies,—the birds have
ceased their song;—
Stern ruin sheds around the spot her melancholy hue!
She withers all she looks upon—and I am wither'd
too!

For me no more yon merry bells shall peal their even-
ing chime;
Or village minstrels on the green attune their rustic
rhyme;—
The church that rose so stately once is falling to decay;
The shepherd and his peaceful flock have long since
pass'd away.

Some aged stragglers wander still these solitudes
among—
I dare not listen to their voice,—it murmurs like the
song
Of waves that dash upon the coast of Time for ever-
more,
And tell of tides that have gone by—of sunshine that
is o'er!

Where once my mother's cottage stood, with fence of
liveliest green,
A darksome marsh disperses now its vapours o'er the
scene;

Rude winter showers its drifting snows around the
aged thorn,
And wither'd is the yew that mark'd the spot where
I was born.

The hamlet friends that once were mine are cold
beneath the sod,
Or bow'd to earth, in agony, by Care's envenom'd
rod ;—
The blight of utter solitude has rifled this sweet scene,
And nought but mouldering stones remain to tell of
what has been.

The cheerful children I have known adorn these
meadows gay
Have sober'd into manhood,—have dream'd their
youth away ;
And darkly dawns the morning sun that brings their
hour of waking,—
Their sleep is o'er—their spirit now has no relief but
breaking.

Hark ! 'tis the raven's voice I hear from yonder ivy'd
tower,
Where many a time I've whiled away the solitary hour ;
It whispers to my aching heart the dismal tale of truth :
“ Thy friends are dead, and fled for aye, the visions
of thy youth.”

But slowly sinks the evening sun,—sad reveries, away !
Fain would my fancy still prolong each gleam of
parting day ;
Fain would I view my boyhood's haunts by eve's
decreasing light ;
It may not be—the sun has set—and all around is
night !

Farewell, ye scenes to memory dear—Time warns me
to depart;
I dare not speak—conflicting griefs are busy at my
heart;
To other eyes thy shades may still all bright and
beauteous be;
But never more can they be bright and beautiful to
me!

HELVELLYN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty
and wide,
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied;
On the right, Strathen-edge round the Red Tarn was
bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock on the front was impending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer
had died.

Dark green was the spot, mid the brown mountain
heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay;
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber ?

When the wind moved his garments, how oft didst
thou start ?

How many long days and long nights didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?
But ah ! was it meet, that no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him
Unhonour'd, the pilgrim from life should depart !

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
The tap'stry waves dark through the dim-lighted
hall ;

With 'scutcheons of silver, the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall ;
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are
gleaming,

In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When 'wilder'd he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam ;
And more stately thy couch, by this distant lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thee dying.
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven !

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Fair as the breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven !

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven !

IRREGULAR ODE,
ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON.

WE mourn thy wreck ;—that mighty mind
Did whirlwind passions whelm,
While wisdom waver'd, half inclined
To quit the dangerous helm ;—
Thou wast an argosy of cost,
Equipp'd, enrich'd in vain,
Of gods the work—of men the boast,
Glory thy port,—and doom'd to gain
That splendid haven, only to be lost !

Lost, even when Greece, with conquest bless'd,
Thy gallant bearing hail'd ;—
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,
And tears of beauty fail'd ;
Oh ! hadst thou in the battle died,
Triumphant even in death,
The patriot's as the poet's pride,
While *both* Minervas twined thy wreath,
Then had thy full career malice and fate defied !

What architect, with choice design,
—Of Rome or Athens styled—
Ere left a monument like thine ?—
And all from *ruins* piled !
A prouder motto marks thy stone
Than Archimedes' tomb ;
He ask'd a fulcrum—thou demandedst none,
But—reckless of past, present, and to come—
Didst on thyself depend, to shake the world—*alone* !

Thine eye to all extremes and ends
And opposites could turn,
And, like the congelated lens,
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn ;—
But in thy mind's abyss profound,
As in some limbo vast,
More shapes and monsters did abound,
To set the wondering world aghast,
Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuscan found !

Was love thy lay—Cithæra rein'd
Her car, and own'd the spell !
Was hate thy theme—that murky fiend
For hotter earth left hell !
The palaced crown, the cloister'd cowl,
Moved but thy spleen or mirth ;
Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,
In guise unearthly didst thou roam the earth,
Screen'd in Thalia's mask,—to drug the tragic bowl !

Lord of thine own imperial sky,
In virgin "pride of place,"
Thou soar'dst where others could not fly,
And hardly dared to gaze !—
The condor, thus, his pennon'd vane
O'er Cotopaxa spreads,
But—should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,—
Nor chilling height nor burning depth he dreads,
From Ande's crystal crag, to Lima's sultry plain !

Like Lucan's, early was thy tomb,
And more than Bion's mourn'd ;—
For, still, such lights themselves consume,
The brightest, briefest burn'd :—
But from thy blazing shield recoil'd

Pale Envy's bolt of lead ;
She, but to work thy triumphs, toil'd,
And, muttering coward curses, fled ;—
Thee, thine own strength alone—like matchless Milo,
—foil'd.

We *prize* thee, that thou didst not fear
What stoutest hearts might rack,
And didst the diamond genius wear,
That tempts—yet foils—the attack.
We *mourn* thee, that thou wouldst not find,
While prison'd in thy clay,
—Since such there were,—some kindred mind,—
For friendship lasts through life's long day,
And doth, with surer chain than love or beauty, bind !

We *blame* thee, that with baleful light
Thou didst astound the world,
—A comet, plunging from its height,
And into chaos hurl'd !—
Accorded king of anarch power,
And talent misapplied ;
That hid thy God, in evil hour,
Or show'd him only to deride,
And, o'er the gifted blaze of thine own brightness,
lour !

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast
With Hecla's frosty cloak,
All earth with fire impure could blast,
And darken heaven with smoke :
O'er ocean, continent, and isle,
The conflagration ran ;—
Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,
Didst the red ruin calmly scan,
And tuned Apollo's harp—with Nero's ghastly smile !

What now avails that muse of fire,—
Her nothing of a name!
Thy master hand and matchless lyre,
What have they gain'd—but fame?
Fame—fancy's child—by folly fed,
On breath of meanest things,—
A phantom, woo'd in virtue's stead,
That envy to the living brings,
And silent, solemn mockery to the dead!

Ne'er, since the deep-toned Theban sung
Unto the listening Nine,—
Hath classic hill or valley rung
With harmony like thine?
Who now shall wake thy widow'd lyre?
—There breathes but *one* who dares
To that Herculean task aspire;
But—less than thou—for fame *he* cares,
And scorns both hope and fear—ambition and desire!

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